

# Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 8

AUGUST, 1944

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# CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Blessed is the man that findeth wisdom, and is rich in prudence. The purchasing thereof is better than the merchandise of silver: and her fruit than the chiefest and purest gold. She is more precious than all riches: and all the things that are desired are not to be compared with her.

From Matins of the first week of August.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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# Catholic Digest

Vol. 8

AUGUST, 1944

No. 10

## Information, Please, About Russia

A fistful of blunders

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

Condensed from *Harper's Magazine*\*

**Educated** Russians in this country and Americans acquainted with Russian history and the conditions of Russian life before and after the revolution are often subjected to wierd punishment. They encounter one demonstrable factual inaccuracy after another in books, magazine and newspaper articles, and in allegedly historical films, without being able to offer adequate rebuttal and contradiction.

Here is Dorothy Thompson, for instance, writing about Stalin in her syndicated column of Nov. 24, 1943: "He was born in a tribal society in the remote Caucasian mountains. His tribe was ruled by feudal princes. In his childhood the masses of the people of Greater Russia were serfs who could be beaten by their masters and even sold from one landowner to another."

Now Stalin was born, not in some remote Caucasian mountain fastness where the tribal organization of life persisted, but in the town of Gori,

which is in the center of a corn and wine-producing country. By no stretch of the imagination could it have been regarded, at the time of Stalin's birth, as the seat of a "tribal society." Nor is there the slightest evidence, in any biography of Stalin, that he ever owed allegiance to any tribal prince. Serfdom was abolished in Russia in 1861. Stalin was born in 1879.

Emil Ludwig, in his *Stalin*, p. 81, misquotes Lenin's political testament as follows: "Comrade Stalin, having become General Secretary, has concentrated an enormous power in his hands, and I am sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution." The correct version of this sentence, which may be found in Boris Souvarine's *Stalin*, p. 305, reads: "... and I am not sure . . ."

Every student knows that there was much poverty and social injustice in tsarist Russia. But this does not excuse such a fantastically exaggerated carica-

\*49 E. 33rd St., New York City, 16. April, 1944.

ture of prewar Russian agrarian conditions as one finds in Emil Ludwig's *Stalin* (pp. 144-146): "Even as he (the Russian peasant) had been a slave under the tsars—without privileges, without culture, without hope—yet he had owned his shack and his cow, together with a small piece of land. And, though he was not allowed to sell it, move away, or marry without his landlord's permission, the few square miles were his home. The Russian peasant did not even notice any more that he was a slave. One half of all arable land—some people estimated it at 70%—belonged to a few hundred great lords, the tsar, and the Church; the rest was divided among 16 million peasant families, owning an average of six to eight acres."

Mistakes here are as thick as blackberries in a briar patch. To begin with, serfdom and restrictions on the peasants' freedom to move and marry without permission of their landlords were abolished in 1861. Under the agrarian legislation of Prime Minister Stolypin in 1907 the peasant was free to withdraw from the village communal organization and to set himself up as an individual proprietor. The nonpeasant landowning class in Russia before the revolution consisted of some 200,000 country gentry, not of "a few hundred great lords." The average size of the peasant's holding in 1905 was 28 acres. (See Thomas G. Masaryk, *The Spirit of Russia*, Vol. I, p. 163.) The nobility as a class in 1914 owned less than a quarter of the amount of land in peasant possession, and the proportion was

steadily changing in favor of the peasants. (See the tables in the scholarly work of Prof. Geroid T. Robinson, *Rural Russia Under the Old Regime*, pp. 268-270.) The proportion of the arable land in prerevolutionary Russia owned by the Crown and the Church was negligible. Much the greatest part of the Crown holdings consisted of undeveloped forest tracts.

Whenever a film is produced dealing with recent historical events, with the active participation of a former American ambassador, and President Roosevelt is introduced as one of the figures, one is entitled to expect that reasonable standards of accuracy will be met. This was unfortunately and emphatically not so with the widely shown *Mission to Moscow*.

American moving-picture audiences were shown Marshal M. N. Tukhachevsky confessing guilt in open court, which he never did, because his fate was decided behind closed doors. German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop was depicted as publicly visiting Moscow and meeting Soviet officials and foreign diplomats before the last big treason and sabotage trials, in March, 1938. But Von Ribbentrop in actual life paid only two visits to Moscow, to sign the German-Soviet nonaggression pact in August, 1939, and then to sign supplementary political and economic agreements in September of the same year.

The film showed Chinese wounded being cared for in Moscow hospitals—a most unlikely scene which has no factual confirmation. Mr. Davies is rep-



resented as conferring with the Polish musician, Ignace Paderewski, who is supposedly holding high office in the Polish government. Paderewski resigned as prime minister of Poland in November, 1919, and spent most of his last 20 years outside Poland.

Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information, in a press interview in New York after the Quebec Conference in August, 1943, declared that "Soviet Russia has never broken its word." Dorothy Thompson promptly endorsed this statement in her syndicated column.

The facts, unfortunately, speak a different language. For the Soviet government, as Mr. Bracken and Miss Thompson could have ascertained by referring to any competent diplomatic history or collection of treaties, concluded five treaties of nonaggression, pledging respect for existing frontiers, with its western neighbors, Poland, Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania. All these treaties were signed at the initiative of the Soviet government. Moreover, the Soviet Union proposed a convention defining aggression and signed this with Estonia, Latvia, Iran, Poland, Turkey, Rumania, Lithuania, and Finland. This definition of aggression included the following points: invasion by armed forces, even without declaration of war; an attack by any type of armed forces, even without declaration of war. It is a matter of record that Soviet armed forces, violating these treaties, crossed the frontiers of Poland, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, and Rumania.

I now present, in rapid-fire order, particles of assorted misinformation which lend themselves to more summary correction. The first few deal with Russian history:

"Marjorie told me of a most interesting talk she had with Mme. Krestinsky the other day. In response to Marjorie's inquiry she [Mme. Krestinsky] said: 'The government is not against religion as such. Our people simply had to take steps to prevent the abuses of religion from destroying our people. Finally it became so bad that in the Duma, the legislative body created by one of the Alexanders, almost a third of its members were priests and ecclesiastics.'"—Joseph E. Davies, *Mission to Moscow*, p. 115.

The Duma was established after the proclamation of a constitution by Nicholas II on Oct. 30, 1905. The largest number of priests elected to membership in any of the four Dumas which met before the revolution was 46 (out of a membership of 422) in the fourth Duma.

"Evil genius was Tsarina's friend, the malevolent priest Rasputin."—Soviet issue of *Life*, March 29, 1943, caption 51, p. 97.

Rasputin was never ordained.

"The government at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) sent many of its convicts and political prisoners to Yakutsk. Alexander Pushkin was exiled there."—Wendell L. Willkie, *One World*, p. 37.

But Pushkin was never within 3,000 miles of Yakutsk. The places to which he was sent to reside under police sur-

veillance were all in European Russia.

"Reviewing briefly the history of Russia from the time of the last war, Sir Bernard pointed to 'the filthy, sexual beast Rasputin' as the reason for the revolutionary movement against the Church in Russia. The movement was against a Church headed by such a person as Rasputin, 'it had nothing to do with Christianity,' he said."—Excerpt from an account of a speech by Sir Bernard Pares before the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal in the *Montreal Gazette*, Dec. 8, 1943.

Inasmuch as Rasputin was murdered before the Soviet regime came into power his sins of the flesh are a rather brittle peg on which to hang the anti-religious policies of the Soviet government. As he was not even an ordained priest, or a member of any recognized monastic Order (he was married), he could not and did not "head" the Orthodox Church. Karl Marx's phrase, "religion is opium for the people," was uttered decades before Rasputin was heard of and finds an echo in many statements of Lenin.

"Tsar Nicholas, like his cousin, George V of England, came to the throne through the untimely death of his elder brother."—Walter Duranty in the *New York Times*, March 14, 1937.

Nicholas II had no elder brother. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father Alexander III, in 1894.

We come now to some errors on the subject of pre-revolutionary conditions:

"The last statistics published under the tsars have shown that 79% of the

population was illiterate. In 1937 this figure had dropped to 10%."—Emil Ludwig, *Stalin*, p. 138.

*Izvestia*, official organ of the Soviet government, in its issue of Jan. 3, 1936, stated the proportion of literacy in Russia on the eve of the revolution as 33% and asserted that 25% of the Russians were literate in 1897. Some non-Soviet sources estimate literacy in 1914 as high as 40% or even 45% and recall plans of the ministry of education which, if realized, would have largely eliminated illiteracy in the 30's. The latest Soviet census, of 1939, showed that 81.2% of the population was literate at that time, the figures being 89.5% for the cities, 76.8% for the country districts. (Cited in the Soviet publication *Planyo Khozyaistvo*, No. 5, for 1940.)

We proceed with some errors about Stalin:

"Joseph Ilarionovich Stalin was host to a hundred or more diplomats, soldiers and sailors from the U. S. and Great Britain. . . . Stalin frequently lapses into Biblical or religious phraseology."—Wallace Carroll, *We're in This with Russia*, pp. 140-142.

Joseph Stalin's patronymic is Vissarionovich. Careful study of his speeches and writing reveals no traces of Biblical or religious phraseology.

"His [Stalin's] integration with his countrymen is the result equally of circumstances and of art—of circumstances because he *is* one of them, a Russian workingman."—Arthur Upham Pope, *Litvinoff*, p. 268.

Stalin's only trade or occupation before the revolution was that of a pro-

fessional revolutionary — and strictly speaking, he is not Russian, being a Georgian by origin.

And now some errors on the subject of Soviet policies, institutions, and conditions:

"It [the Soviet Union] consists of six federated republics." — Dorothy Thompson in her syndicated column of Jan. 12, 1944.

The number of union republics (the highest administrative units in the Soviet federative system) in 1939 was 11, as follows: Russia, Ukraine, White Russia, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Tadjikistan, Kirghizia. Since that time the Soviet government has proclaimed the existence of five more such republics: the Karelo-Finnish, the Latvian, Lithuanian, Estonian, and Moldavian.

"Bolshevism is a form of society under which everyone is working seven hours a day, reduced to six in the case of dangerous occupations. For 80% of the workers every sixth day is free, for the other 20% every fifth." — Emil Ludwig, *Stalin*, p. 196.

The publication date of *Stalin* is 1942. The eight-hour working day and the seven-day working week were made the rule in Soviet industrial establishments by government decree in June, 1940.

Soviet-Polish relations offer a wide-open field for inaccuracies:

"Perhaps with some reason they [the Poles] feared that if Soviet armies entered Poland, even for its defense, the eastern part of Poland might be lost

for good. The population of the region was predominantly Russian, and Lord Curzon, acting in behalf of the Supreme Allied Council, had prudently assigned that section of the country to the Russians." — Arthur Upham Pope, *Litvinoff*, pp. 448-449.

While there is no reason to question the accuracy of the first of these sentences, the second is a medley of inaccuracies. In the first place, if the term *Russian* is used exactly, it is evident that there are very few Russians in eastern Poland, and that by any method of computation the Poles form a large proportion of the population. The latest census figures for the area occupied by the Soviet Union after the German-Soviet pact are as follows: Poles, 5,250,000; Ukrainians, 4,500,000; White Russians (in the racial, not political sense), 1,100,000; Jews, 1,100,000; Russians, 130,000; miscellaneous groups, 500,000.

Furthermore, neither Lord Curzon nor the Supreme Allied Council ever assigned the territory east of the so-called Curzon Line (with the drawing of which Lord Curzon had little to do) definitely to Russia. It was considered a minimum, not a maximum eastern frontier of Poland.

"Britain, by the Treaty of 1939, is committed to restore an independent Poland with its prewar western frontiers. When the treaty was made the British government was trying to make an alliance with Russia, and did not dream of encouraging Russia's suspicions, already aroused by Munich, that Poland might become part of the anti-Soviet bloc." — Dorothy Thompson, in

her syndicated column of Jan. 11, 1944.

No distinction between Poland's western and eastern boundaries is recognized in the text of the Anglo-Polish Treaty of Aug. 25, 1939, pledging each party to give the other "all the support and assistance in its power" in the event of either "becoming engaged in hostilities with a European power in consequence of aggression by the latter against that contracting party." (Art. I.) Inasmuch as the Soviet-German pact of nonaggression had been signed two days earlier, on Aug. 23, the British government could have cherished little hope, just at that time, of "making Russia an ally."

Here, then, are a number of demonstrable misstatements of fact about Russia that have appeared in print in America over a comparatively brief time. If time and space permitted, the list could easily be expanded a hundredfold. But the examples cited certainly drive home the point that the uninformed American reader is often not getting a square deal in this important matter of factual information about Russia, past and present.

The character of the misstatements varies from slips on names, dates, and identities to sweeping misrepresentations of historical facts and social and economic conditions. Even minor blunders very often reveal and reflect a depressing lack of thorough background knowledge of the subject. We would certainly, and justly, be disposed to question the credentials of a foreign writer on America who would place General Grant in command at the Bat-

tle of New Orleans, or describe the Union as consisting of 28 states.

Most of the howlers that crop up with such disconcerting frequency in our references to Russia can be set down to our national vice of writing too much too fast, combined with our general unfamiliarity with Russian history and institutions, tsarist and Soviet. Two conscious or unconscious propaganda patterns can also be discerned in some of the blunders which have been listed. There is sometimes an effort to build up synthetic good will toward the Soviet Union by misrepresenting historically indisputable facts, even of very recent occurrence. And some writers try to exalt the Soviet regime by indulging in exaggerated and indiscriminating disparagement of Russia before the revolution.

Neither of these techniques seems to me admirable in itself or likely to serve any good purpose. The case for amicable future relations between the U. S. and the Soviet Union is so firmly rooted in the interests of the two peoples that it needs no support from false testimony. And false testimony, especially in a country where there is freedom of speech and press, is likely to backfire.

Just now, when the Soviet Union is becoming more nationalistic, more conscious of its debt to the Russian past, educated Soviet Russians would most likely feel amused, or even offended, rather than flattered, by exaggerated blackening of their country's condition before the revolution. The watchword of the independent seeker for truth about Russia should be: On Guard!

# How To Become a Nun

By BRIAN McSHANE

The style doesn't change

Condensed from *Our Sunday Visitor*\*

These are the days when Marys and Annes, in the words of Father Fee-ney, go "running off with God." And this is where my little sister Kitty comes in. She is "running off with God," too, and she is so out of this world about it all.

Yes, Kitty is going to be a Sister. How horrible! No more dances, slinky formals, saddle shoes, trench coats, corsages, no more having her own way (that's right), but Kitty has made up her mind. She has looked it over from all angles. She has put the corsages and the rest on one side of the scales and the call to serve Christ on the other. She told me the other day which way the scales went.

Kitty's not a saint yet. She wants to become one, of course, but not necessarily the kind that are canonized and to whose shrines people make pilgrimages, unless it is God's will. But she is going to try to follow Christ in the closest manner possible, which will necessarily make her at least a small-s saint. She realizes that people can become holy in the world, but she also sees that the opportunities for a wholehearted service to Christ and Mary are far more ample in the Sisterhood.

Another determining factor in Kitty's leaving home is the serious shortage of Sisters today. Every Community of Sisters in the nation needs more

members. Smaller families, social-service work in the world, selfishness, the influence of the times have hindered the flow of Marys and Annes and Kittys into our convents. Christ's invitation to follow Him is being turned down, daily. Consequently the cause suffers. Opportunities to take over hospitals must be turned down, schools are understaffed, and institutions have to be closed. Kitty realized that, too, when the scales started to waver.

Someone said, when the news broke, "She loves life too well to be shutting herself up in a convent." Kitty is not shutting herself up in a convent. She, like every other Sister, is shutting the world out that she may all the better serve her Lover.

Sure, she likes a good time. She went to the junior prom. She enjoyed gym classes and hikes. She knew all the words to *Mairzy Doats*. Kitty loves life and she is going to keep on loving it. But she is going to direct her love of life into another, more fruitful channel. She will sing as a Sister. She might even direct plays. As far as hikes are concerned, Sisters are not given wheel chairs when they don their black and white. Cokes? Haven't you ever seen a Sister drink a coke?

Kitty doesn't think the things she did as a schoolgirl were wrong. If she did, where would be the sacrifice? It

\*Huntington, Ind. June 18, 1944.



\* is her opinion that life in the world is good, and for some the only possible life. The life Christ calls her to is a higher one. With the grace of God, Kitty hopes to follow it to heaven.

I suppose people do wonder how girls like Kitty know whether they have a vocation. God ordinarily doesn't make a private revelation to such a girl. Neither does He send down an angel to tap her on the shoulder and say, "You're it." But He does prepare vocations, does send promptings of grace. For instance, in Kitty's case, mother and dad always saw that we had a truly Christian home, a garden where the bud of a vocation would more easily bloom. Mom never forced the issue, but she did suggest to all of us the possibilities of life in Religion. Down deep in her heart, I know, she prayed that some of us would be given a vocation. Then, of course, Loretta helped. She was always talking about the fine qualities of the Sisters at the hospital.

Kitty, naturally, was always close to the Sisters. She liked the way Sister Agnes arranged the flowers on the altar, and how she explained the mystical Body. She admired Sister Beatine's technique in the chemistry laboratory and the unruffled way she took classroom disturbances.

God has many ways of bringing souls close to Himself, and on odd occasions. Kitty decided to ask Father Byrnes about her vocation shortly after she had seen Sister Virginia playing marbles with the 5th graders. Incidentally, the good padre himself had just finished umpiring a softball game be-

tween the juniors and seniors. Father, of course, knowing Kitty well, was delighted, after questioning, to approve.

Kitty, although very happy, hasn't been hasty. She knows the sacrifices the life demands. She will not find heaven in the convent. Heaven is at the end of the road, not on it. Sister Geraldine told her that. Sister also pointed out that a girl, to become a good Sister, must have three kinds of bones, a wishbone, a funny bone and a backbone. The wishbone, Kitty told me, means the strong desire to serve Christ in a special manner. The funny bone suggests the sense of humor, which really is a sense of values, necessary to get over the rough spots. Finally, the backbone is requested because of the mental courage and ordinary good health required to do the work of the Sisters in the mystical Body of Christ.

Kitty will be a postulant six months. Then she will spend a year in the novitiate. (Ask any Sister how happy that year is.) After that she will make her temporary vows, which will bind for three years. Then comes the glorious day of final vows, and the pledge of an eternal love in Christ. So Kitty will have time enough to think it over. She knows she can leave any time she so desires. But with the grace of God, Kitty will not turn back.

It will not be an easy step. Kitty loved her blue formal and her yellow sweater. I asked her about those things the other day. She gave me a smile that only one who is happy in Christ could give. Then she said, "Well, aren't black and white always in style?"



# Charity Rings the Doorbell

"How far that little candle . . . ."

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*\*

"Is my mother all better, Sister?"

"Yes, Joan."

"Then aren't you coming to see us any more?"

"Why surely I'll come to see you. But you know, child, I must go and take care of other little children and their sick mothers."

Sister remembered well the first day she rang the doorbell of that sorrow-stricken home in Brooklyn. A friendly neighbor had called the Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, 439 Henry St., and pleaded for help for a family in distress. A Sister found a discouraged, undernourished mother suffering from an acute attack of rheumatic fever; the seven-year-old daughter Marie in bed with scarlet fever; the other two children hungry and frightened; and an overwrought father desperately in need of steady work and a helping hand.

It was the beginning of Lent, and the members of that little family were walking the way of the cross. Each day for five weeks Sister left her convent early in the morning, waited on unsheltered corners for buses, and then climbed four flights of stairs to be nurse, mother, and sister in this little home. Easter came, and with it a special joy for the family now reunited in health and happiness through the Christlike charity of a Nursing Sister of the Sick Poor.

This case is typical of the countless deeds of charity performed for the benefit of humanity by Religious women quietly and unobtrusively in all sections of the country. Rarely are their acts of selfless sacrifice in the headlines.

In many dioceses, there are various Communities of nuns engaged in the inspiring work of caring for the sick in their homes. In Brooklyn, this particular type of charity was started in 1906, at the request of Bishop Charles E. McDonnell, by the Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor. This Community was originally French, known as the Congregation of the Infant Jesus, founded at Neufchatel in 1835. The Sisters had been engaged in Europe principally in the education of youth and the direction of orphanages and hospitals. In 1907, at the suggestion of Bishop McDonnell and with the approval of Pope Pius X, the Sisters formed a distinct American Community, and later adopted the title of the Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor. Even though burdened with extreme poverty themselves, they determined to devote their lives to the physical and spiritual welfare of the needy of all races and creeds, accepting nothing for their expert services, but depending entirely on voluntary generosity of friends.

Nursing, in its highest ideal, is essentially a Christian art. Our Lord, the

\*515 E. Fordham Rd., New York City, 58. June, 1944.

divine Healer, during His life among men seemed to have a special preference for the sick and sorrowful. His true followers have learned from Him a tender sympathy for all forms of human suffering. His love is the motive, and His is the model on which all true social service is patterned.

The Nursing Sister becomes an active unit in a zealous missionary organization. Hers is a life of prayer and hidden sacrifices, to which are added the inspiring privileges of actually ministering to the physical, social, and spiritual needs of others. She is an apostle of the Saviour's mercy. And she tries to bring the sick nearer to Him.

The Nursing Sister follows the case work assigned by her superior. This may mean she will perform the necessary nursing services for several patients in several homes, or it may limit her sphere of charity to one acutely ill patient. A patient's sole need may be treatment requiring professional ability, and this the Sister gives with a skill acquired from accurate knowledge and experience. All the routine care of a newborn child and its mother may be entrusted to her. The responsibility of an entire household may devolve upon her in a case of serious sickness.

While the Sister is caring for the ailments of the body, she is alert to discover any ills of the soul. The Sisters are able to bring many souls back to Christ. They prepare the way for the coming of the priest to baptize the young and converts, welcome back prodigals, and anoint the dying.

In the novitiate of the Nursing Sis-

ters of the Sick Poor at Hempstead, L. I., American girls are trained to undertake this noble work. For two years, candidates are taught to develop in their souls a deep personal love for Christ. Many have completed their formal training as nurses before they apply for admission; others will study to become registered nurses after their novitiate.

One day recently, a priest phoned the Sisters that there was a poor Negro woman in his parish in need of medical care. Immediately a Sister went to the house and took over the nursing problem. She bathed and dressed a loathsome ulcer, and provided for every physical need of the patient. More than that, she brought Christian sympathy and understanding to an aching heart.

A white Sister in a colored neighborhood! Her coming caused surprise. Her daily visits aroused interest. By the end of the month, one non-Catholic witness expressed in words an inescapable conviction, "If the Catholic Church would send a white Sister to take care of a black woman, then the Catholic Church must be the Lord's Church." Thus deeply impressed, the woman went to a priest to learn more about the Church.

Such incidents as this are many. One day a Sister received an invitation to a clothing ceremony at a Carmelite convent. At the end of the card was penned the line, "The fruit of a sermon without words."

Sister smiled. A few years ago she had met Marian, the young lady who was to become a Carmelite. It was in

the home of a poor family. Each day, as the Sister cared for the baby, Marian would stop in to see if she could be of any help. She knew that Sister had four other children besides the sick mother to care for. She knew that the mother's illness was enough to keep a nurse busy all day. Yet Sister was nurse, mother, and housekeeper all in one. Sister had assured her that her training had prepared her for all those duties. When she received her habit,

she was told to be "the guardian angel of childhood, the support of the infirm, and a mother to the orphan."

For many weeks, Sister came daily. All during her stay, she was being studied by Marian. Some time after Sister had finished her work in that home, she received a caller at the convent. It was Marian, who had come to tell her she had gathered courage to follow her vocation from watching Sister follow hers.



### *Lace Panties*

I want to thank you very much for the CATHOLIC DIGEST, and also the pamphlets. They have done some good; don't know how much, but they have helped. You see, I am first pilot on a B-17, so I am boss. I have a fine crew, tried to get as many Catholics and Texans as I could. My co-pilot is just a kid out of training, so I let him read my "Catholic stuff," as he calls it, but between you and me he loves it.

I have been checking kids out as co-pilots. I fly them in the morning for three hours, then I take them to dinner, have a long talk with them, then give them a night ride. That gets to be old stuff, day after day, but you have to get good men. I get a new officer every day. I have to tell in 15 hours if he is good for what we want him for. Nine out of ten times he is about 20 years old, has had two years or less of college, thinks he knows all the an-

swers and knows he is a pretty hot pilot. I have to see if he can fly, take orders, and has lots of guts; and between you and me, if he can pray (of course, that is my own qualification). But if a fellow can't pray he hasn't any guts as far as I am concerned. If a young kid will come out and tell you he prays, then he is okay.

You see when I am with these guys I say a lot of words I shouldn't. I act mean and hard, and at the end of the day the kid is ready to fight me. Then I ask him if he has lace on his underpants, and I bet him he even says his prayers at night. And when a kid will say, "Sir, I don't wear lace on my drawers, I can beat hell out of you, and you're damn right I pray," I apologize to him, and he is a man in our group. Of course, it takes me another hour to explain to him what I've been doing all day, but after that we are big pals.

*Notre Dame Religious Bulletin (7 June '44).*

# Letter to Father Flanagan

By PVT. CHARLES R. MALLEY

A boy becomes a man

Condensed from the *Boys Town Times*\*

Good evening, Father: Maybe you will wonder just who, and how come he is writing to you. You'll probably scratch your head, I've seen you do it, and then suddenly the great dawning—Private Malley? Why sure I know and remember him. Let me see now. Away back in the early 30's. He's the boy who always used to be "darning" stockings on Sunday night. Not because he was industrious either. Oh, no! If I remember correctly, it was for riding calves in the orchard, smoking in the chickenhouse, carrying a pea-shooter; and oh, yes, he had a pet gopher. Used to carry it with him to class and drive the Sisters crazy. Had a brother here, too. Well, what do you know? Yes, Father, I'm that boy. I say boy because when people speak of your wonderful home for boys I always tell proudly of the many fine things you did for my brother and me. I'll always feel like one of Father Flanagan's boys.

The reason I'm writing you at this time is on account of a news clipping. A very lovely girl sent me a news item stating 500 of your boys are in the services. I suppose my brother and I form a part of that "brigade." Ray, my brother, is serving somewhere in the Pacific. He is what is known as Prewar Stock. Enlisted in 1940. I continued with my work, fireman on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, until August

of 1942 when I, too, saw the light. I had the crazy idea of becoming a paratrooper. One of those fabulous creatures one never sees jump, but certainly hears about when they go to town. My training was terrific. They told me, Father, upon becoming a paratrooper, I'd learn how to run a train, a motorcycle, a tank and a lorry. They certainly were right. Only I didn't understand they meant "run them down." So help me, Father, we run seven days a week. If ever you want your grounds cleared of rabbits just call on the paratroopers. We'll run them off. Thirteen weeks of this and we were off for "jump school." Fort Benning, Ga.! This is the primary goal of all paratroopers because there one receives his final training. Tumbling, tower jumping and last but far from least, "five airplane rides." Each airplane ride is beyond describing, for on each you are supposed to be crazy enough to jump out. Five times and they give you a pair of "wings." No feathers, though! Then a furlough, back to camp again, a move, and a new camp, further training; then comes maneuvers, another furlough, another new camp, this time your P.O.E. (port of embarkation); the day of shipping, and you march silently up the gangplank. A last look at Lady Liberty and slowly, and oh, how silently, your ship slides over the horizon. Days and

\**Boys Town, Neb. May 26, 1944.*

nights come and go and each one is a thrill. You keep straining your eyes for torpedo wakes, but they are only a dream. Uncle Sam is seeing to that. Six days out and they give us a little book telling us of how the British live, their whims, their system of banking, and how to act like a gentleman.

From that day until the first view of land, Ireland, the main topic of conversation is England. We reach port; no cheering thousands to greet us, no bands. England was too busy for that. We marched off the boat onto a train and sped away through the night. No lights over there, Father. Total black-out. We settled in a quaint little village and began to get acquainted. That's American, Father. Getting acquainted. At first the people were just a little standoffish, sort of a question-mark look about them. The children accepted us right off. We'd give them gum, candy, anything we had. Then the older folks took pride in inviting us to visit. For we were "brothers-in-arms." We've been here quite some time, wait-

ing. Not idle, though, learning. No failing our lessons here, Father, and then another examination — nothing like that. If a man is found wanting, it is too late. We are like a cog in a great machine, a machine that has but one gear and that's "Full speed ahead!" A small cog perhaps in this machine, but each and every part is vital. That is why we must not fail in our lessons. Pray God we pass with flying colors.

We stand now on the threshold of the biggest adventure in a nation's history. The machine is ready, the command will soon be uttered, and history will be made. We are going to write a page of that history, Father, our 506th Parachute Regiment. I wonder if you and all of your sons would say a prayer to make that page a grand and glorious one. A page for the freedom of all people, free to speak, free to worship as they choose, be they Protestant, Catholic, Jew or Jehovah, free to choose their way of living, free to come and go. The freedom that is the backbone of your Home.



### Serenade

I went at dawn to the old Spanish Mexican church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in San Francisco. It was Dec. 13, her feast day. The players stood outside the church on the pavement, playing. The leader of the Mexican players explained when I asked him why they played so early. "It is the custom," he said in his precise English, his face with its Indian heritage clearly discernible, "to serenade a beautiful lady on her feast day, outside her home, in Mexico. And as our Lady is beautiful, we give her that honor."

Anna Gertrude Kozlowska in the *Ave Maria* (29 April '44).



# What the Church Thinks of Us

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Condensed from *Current Religious Thought*\*

**The average** American, no doubt, can still be expected to express his opinion of the Church upon the slightest provocation. But how often does he stop to wonder what the Church may think of him? The Church still is, despite the dreary shabbiness of its present estate in so many parts of the world, the community fashioned by the divine reason made manifest to men through Christ. It, too, has been riven by human desire and the darkness of human circumstance. Yet even so there has been nowhere else in history such great unity as exists in the Church.

When I was a minor and appropriately subdued journalist in Chicago many years ago, every reporter's elbows had pushed right through the fabric of the Church. I recall in particular one editor who was a devotee of divers skulls of primitive man in a Smithsonian Institution he had never visited. "Look at those babies," he used to remark with a challenging chuckle. "They have rubbed the parson's nose in the protozoic slime." Delight in the assumed discomfiture of the parson's nostrils was due in part to the rather naive belief that, if one shuffled off the fears and caveats which once buttressed a stern moral code, one could attain to a freer ethic, based on what was termed "honesty with oneself." In part also it was due to a feeling that Christianity

was soft and given to draping the stern naked truth with fable, myth and untenuous censorship. It was believed that man, being only a less hirsute chimpanzee, should acknowledge the dismal fact with as much hilarity as possible and be governed accordingly.

We have come a distance since then. If we say that the ghastly tragedy of our time is due to failure to set up a viable international organization, to bungled social and political engineering, to false theories of the race and the nation, or to the inability of psychiatric science to keep pace with the development of applied science, we allude to certain very real causes of our disease. But there are few who are any longer sure that these tell the story. We are asking ourselves anxiously the important and probing question, what good will it do to defeat Hitler, if Hitlerism survives? For the trouble with Hitlerism is that it is no more localized in one nation or one place than is tuberculosis or insanity. It is a point of view that defines one kind of modern person. It is, when all talk has ceased, a universal religion and a formidable one. It has riven the western world as Manicheanism or the doctrines of the Cathari once divided it in the past. It has infected, and is further infecting, the U. S.

The rupture is radically different

\*Oberlin, Ohio. June, 1944.



from the divisions between Protestantism and Catholicism or between Christianity and Judaism. For painful, disturbing, and destructive though these separations are, they do not strike at the root. Friction between the three must go on until unity has been achieved, but it is a quarrel within the family of the great Judaeo-Christian faith. But any Christian or any Jew who considers the claims of nazism — or of communism, its *alter ego* — cannot avoid the conclusion that recognizing those claims means the complete and total surrender of his own religious and ethical position. The difference is likewise far greater than that between the believing Christian and the great agnostics. For to those the goodness of life has been revealed without insight into the sources from which that goodness springs. It is in their behalf that the Church uses one of its most affecting and permanent petitions—the prayer for those who dwell in the darkness and in the shadow of death, *qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent*. The Christian cannot go with them but he cannot go away from them either.

We know that the religions of the Manicheans and the Cathari were rooted in ancient paganism. Is the religion of nazism similarly rooted in modern moods, trends and doctrines, which, taken together, form what one may call modern paganism? Now when a Catholic asks this question he must, it seems to me, seek to answer it in the spirit of his own tradition. That tradition is fundamentally one of belonging. The Catholic cannot stand apart and survey

any human scene as if divorced from it. He is of necessity part and parcel of that scene because both it and he belong to God. Whereas we are sometimes thought to be what we are because it is so soothing to rest on a pillow of authority, the opposite is quite true. We are what we are because we are responsible for everything and are, therefore, without rest anywhere in this world. We could be at rest only if all, and not merely some fragment, belonged to Him as we should at our best moments wish to belong to Him, of whose will our minds are but shadows.

The Church has already somewhat tentatively dealt with the problem alluded to. An encyclical by the late Pope Pius XI on nazism, *Mit Brennender Sorge*, is perhaps as explicit as any statement has been. Here there was reference not merely to a chain of argument by means of which the Hitlerite reached his conclusions but also a complex of attitudes and habits which, almost imperceptibly formed, created the soil and climate in which nazism could thrive. To state the answer to our question in all its shocking fullness would, however, be a very difficult undertaking. First, it will never do to repudiate the specifically “modern” and “pagan” just because it has been modern and pagan. There has been good and bad alike, and who shall winnow the first from the second? Second, it is fatally easy to shift the debate to areas which are extraneous to the inquiry and to contend, for example, that Karl Marx has done more for social reform than has the Church. I do not believe he

has, but the point is of no importance.

We must see rather that there has been taking place during the whole of the modern era warfare between the Church and a new paganism, and then determine what the major issue has been. This warfare naturally produced numerous skirmishes between outposts, in which churchmen were often soundly trounced. They said and did things about natural science which made no sense. They were sometimes duped into supporting corrupt or reactionary governments. On the other hand, a great deal of emancipated talk about the Church has been incredibly stupid, as witness, for instance, the ignorance of comment on the ethical consequences of a dualistic position. But the great battle was not fought in such skirmishes. It has been waged over the holiness of human destiny. The Church holds that God is holy, and that man, being made in His image, is potentially holy. And her foes have maintained that nature, their ultimate cosmic being, was not holy, but hedonistic, and that therefore man, proceeding from nature, should be understood as being endowed with a capacity for hedonism.

Man's insight into his need for aspiration to what is holy is the most real thing that happens to him because in that insight he defines himself. And in this same definition there is found the first dim, awed awareness of the presence of God. The consequences of that conversion, are so tremendous as to amount literally to turning the world upside down to have all parts of creation fall into their proper places.

Of course there are beguiling, seductive forms of sensual pleasure. Hedonism in the modern sense is far more alluring than all that. It is a quest for satisfaction through a frank acceptance of the limitations of nature and an appeal to that kind of engineering which will fill the human glass with the essence of nature's joy. It is a conviction that the proper parceling out of health and having will put the spirit at ease—calm the reflexes, in a more technical phrase. The gamut of illustrations is long, the myths numerous and seductive particularly because some of them are self-evidently right. Thus, of course, we think of lucite bathtubs and chlorated swimming pools quite innocently. But in a little while the hedonist is no longer innocent. In order to raise the "standard of living" one must perhaps liquidate a million kulaks for the sake of increased agricultural production. Or one must have additional land for the national community, must have, in short, Poland and the Ukraine. Then, to be strong enough to own and parcel out these regions, one must ruthlessly stamp out every trace of weakness or dissent in one's own community. One must exterminate the incurably sick, the biologically different Jew, Pastor Niemöller. Then one must encourage men to enjoy the pleasures of organized and purposive power. What fun it is, and how useful, also, to trample to death in a concentration camp someone you dislike, some human hindrance to unanimity. Then one finds it necessary also ultimately to have sterilized brothels filled with cap-

tured young Polish girls, a kind of sexual automat, clean and horrible. Conscience is, we suddenly realize, the residue of faith. It can still make a coward of a man who no longer has any reason for being spiritually brave.

It will not do to say that war is the cause of all this. War is a disaster but it is not necessarily evil or vile. And at any rate, most of those things of which we have spoken are older than the war. They are sons and daughters of the grim libidos that are now unfettered in the heart of man. If this man is not holy, if he is merely a more astute animal whose physical processes, in whatever professional jargon, can generate thought, then that thought itself cannot be different in character and quality from the rest of him. Thought is not an end in itself but only a convenient and cunning instrument for the attainment of such ends as the *anthropos* may set for himself. And why should the business of killing on a grandiose scale, not in battle but privately, as it were—killing 10,000 at a time in Dachau, Lichterfelds, Warsaw or Kiev—not be a legitimate end of thought if pleasure and profit are to be earned, if the having and parceling out can proceed more efficiently?

In short, I cannot discover any reason why Hitler is evil unless the premises on which his conduct is based are likewise evil. And unfortunately generations of very agreeable, quite well-informed and even somewhat idealistic people have fashioned and propagated those premises without at all realizing what conclusions would inevitably be

derived from them. It was not the German dictator, for example, who first remarked that history is only the story of the survival of the fittest, or that whether or not a child is to be born into this world ought to be determined by the probable social utility of that child.

Here is revealed the essence of the struggle in which the Church has been engaged. But how, you will ask me, can we return to the old faith in the potential holiness of man? How can we render such a faith socially effective? I shall reply to your queries by admitting that I do not know how spiritual insight is achieved, nor how religious recovery takes place, nor how the majority of men can be induced to turn this way for the only light that lives. Augustine wondered about these things while he was writing "The City of God," and could tell his reader only that the providence of heaven rests upon the world as does the sunlight upon a field but that many human beings neither see nor comprehend it. We know only that harassed and stricken mortals suddenly grasp the reality of its presence.

I wish we could say that the number who see is growing mightily. But there is no manifest religious revival, even in the foxholes. It merely does seem to me that a cleansing and strengthening of the believing Church is taking place and that those who hunger and thirst after insight into holiness are not going away without nourishment.

What does the Church think of us? Well, as I see it the Church is a sorrow-

ing and beleaguered communion. Her symbol is not now the palm branch or the laurel of victory but rather the crown of thorns. She does not know what trials are yet in store for her or her children. Only a few things are apparent. Mankind will be a long while recovering from the storm to which millions of the noblest and best have already succumbed. No recipes for peace we have yet devised contain the promise even of solace for the less mortal of our wounds.

It seems to me that every Christian who understands in some feeble measure the Church of his Master will overhear the words spoken to him from out of heights and depths the mystery of which he cannot wholly surmise: know that the hidden things have been made plain. This is not a fitting time to rejoice in any victory even of the spirit. But live so that the blessedness of the peace to which you have attained will somehow go out from you like balm into a gash in the side.



## Aviator Bailing Out

By LIEUT. WILLIAM LA BARGE

"Thanks, God!"

Condensed from the *Catholic Herald Citizen*\*

This is the story of the thoughts of an American Catholic boy, an Army flier, who was forced to parachute from his plane into the ocean after a flight over France. The letter was written in a hospital on Red Cross stationery and bore the grateful heading: "Thanks, God!" Lieutenant La Barge is an alumnus of Christian Brothers College, St. Louis.

**Got into** formation pretty fast this time. Kind of misty out; nice time to fly, though, the air's always smooth this early in the morning. Hope it's clear over the coast and we can spot something; would like to be busy today. Hope we don't have any trouble on this flight, though—oh well, we probably won't, never have yet.

There's the coast. There's that funny feeling in my stomach, too. Keep on looking around now. Can't be surprised; that's when it's bad, when you don't see them. If you see them they'll never hurt you. Well, God, please get me through this once more.

Turning up the coast now. Fairly clear over here. Let the leader spot the shipping. I'll just keep looking behind. They are bound to jump us one of these days. Have to be ready for them. Wouldn't mind if we see them first. Keep looking, keep that head on a pivot. Bet my neck has grown three sizes since I came overseas.

Sure is beautiful country. Hope I can

\**Cathedral Square, Milwaukee, Wis. June 17, 1944.*

take my wife and visit all these places some day after the war is over. (Quit daydreaming and keep looking or you'll never visit any place.)

Oh, oh! Flak! We always get it here. They're getting accurate—heavy stuff, too. Holy mackerel, they're bursting in front of us! That's bad, better get out of here quick. Let's get violent on this evasive action, change direction, change altitude; that's better, bursting behind now; that stuff shakes me.

"Black Flight from Black Leader: C'mon, let's get back in formation now." Boy, but that guy's cool. After hearing him talk, you wonder what you were scared of anyway. Keep looking around now. Guess none of that stuff hit me; was close, though. Those boys are getting mighty accurate. Keep looking, now, don't relax—that's when they'll get you.

"Black Flight: Ninety right." Starting home now, not safe yet for a while, but always feel better when we are heading home. Keep looking, now is when they'll come. Wish I had a few more sets of eyes, would sure save my neck a lot of work.

I wonder what's the matter with Tommy's crate. Hope the flak didn't get him. Seems to be making out all right, though. Keep looking, getting closer to home now. All right to relax a little; not too much, though.

He's picking up speed, guess I'd better clear out my engine, too. Good night! This thing's shaking apart.

"Black Leader from Black Four: My engine's very rough, the whole ship is shaking. My glycol's normal, oil tem-

perature's O.K. Oh, oh, there it is, the oil pressure has dropped to zero! The oil pressure has dropped out; Monty, I'm bailing out!"

Slow her down now, and gain some altitude. Get that safety harness off now. Get the door open. All ready. Good Lord! Only 400 feet! Can't crash land in that water, though, not in this job. Roll the stabilizer back, stand on seat. The last guy that bailed out this low didn't make it!

Hand on rip cord. Barely clear the ship and pull it—no time to count. Dive over the trailing edge of the wing. Do your stuff, God, please! That's the only way this'll open in time.

Boy, that opened quick! There goes the ship in. I'm barely above water myself! No time to get my chute off, I'll never get my dinghy out now. Here I go into the water! There's a plane circling; hope the rescue launch gets here in a hurry.

Breathe. Relax. Float.

Better get out of this chute in a hurry now. Can't get it unfastened. Get the legs first. Don't panic. Get this vest inflated. There, that's done.

Better get the rest of the chute off. Barely keep my head above water. Don't panic now. Have to get my knife and cut my way free. Glad I sharpened it the other day. Just a little more now: there she goes

Getting tired, swallowing too much water, out of breath; don't give up, relax, try and float, don't panic.

This can't happen to me. I will not drown. Got too much to live for. Wonder what's taking that boat so long. I



can't drown. I'm married, gotta wonderful wife . . . gotta get home to her . . . can't drown.

Thanks for opening that chute in time for me, God, and please get that boat out here—can't last much longer. The only reason I was on this flight was so I could go to Mass today, God, so please get that boat out here. . . .

Sorry, God, don't mean to be issuing ultimatums—sorry for all the wrong things I've done in my life, too, God. Guess there's been plenty of 'em. I don't want to die, though, God. Please get that boat out here.

Thanks, God. Thanks a lot!

This drowning isn't what it's cracked up to be. My past life doesn't seem to be coming in front of me. It's my lack of future life that's bothering me.

I'm not going to drown—don't give up, the boat will be here soon—plane still circling—wish they would hurry—getting awfully weak—getting cold. No use trying to swim—wish I hadn't thrown the knife away. I'd cut off these shoes—weighing me down. Don't give up—keep trying—gotta keep trying.

Hey, what's this? It's the boat. They don't see me. Hey, here I am, over here. They see me! They see me! Take it easy, here they come. They're throwing ropes. I can't reach them; too weak. Why don't they get me out of here?

There's a pole, can't reach it. I got it! Hold tight. They'll get me—hold tight—don't let go that pole. They've got hold of me now. I'm safe. I'm on board. O.K. to pass out now.

Thanks, God. Thanks a lot!



### *A Neutral on Proselytizing*

We do not hold any special brief for the Catholic faith, for the simple reason that this newspaper is nonsectarian; and were it to adopt any formal attitude towards religion, its obvious policy would be to support the faith established by law for the coronation of Britain's king.

But we are not unmindful of two facts of considerable importance; one is that the religion of these lands in which we live is Roman Catholic; the second is that sending out missionaries to convert Christians to the pursuit of a new path towards Christ is an insult to the peoples, the priests, and the governments of the countries which accord hospitality to their Anglo-Saxon brethren.

Freedom of worship is an essential in any democratic country, and it would be a sorry day for the world were that freedom denied. But those who enjoy the right to worship as they will, in a neighbor's house, are under an obligation not to abuse that hospitality. The peoples of South America must not be cited as heathen, their territories must not be listed as missionary fields, their place in the forefront of Christian lands must not be impugned.

*The Buenos Aires Standard* (oldest British newspaper in Argentina) 20 June '44.



# What About Our Japanese-Americans?

Life in these United States

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

Condensed from the pamphlet\*

In the spring of 1942, we in the U. S. placed some 110,000 persons of Japanese descent in protective custody. Two out of every three were American citizens by birth; one-third were aliens forbidden by law to be citizens. Included were three generations: Issei, or first-generation immigrants (aliens); Nisei, or second-generation (American-born citizens); and Sansei, or third-generation (American-born children of American-born parents).

In the excitement of the moment, the evacuation of those Japanese seemed merely a minor incident of the war. As the danger of an invasion of the west coast receded, measures were taken which no one had urged at the height of the excitement. Internment, for example, had not been planned originally by the authorities: rather, merely removal from the area. And rather to our amazement, we discovered that after every person of Japanese ancestry had been removed from the coast area and placed in protective custody, agitation against them increased rather than subsided. The evacuation was seized upon as proof of disloyalty and used to justify further measures against the west-coast Japanese group.

Of 129,947 Japanese in this country in 1940, 112,353 lived in the three west-coast states. Nearly 80% were in Cali-

fornia. Unlike some immigrant groups, the Japanese did not do much spreading out. Their concentration was not merely geographical but occupational: 43% of the gainfully employed west-coast Japanese were in agriculture, more particularly, in the production of fresh vegetables and small fruits for the large urban west-coast markets. An additional 26% were to be found in the wholesale and retail trade, which was largely confined to the distribution of Japanese-grown produce. Both external and internal pressures had tended to set the Little Tokyo settlements apart from the larger communities of which they were a part. Many of these settlements, both rural and urban, were located near important strategic areas.

Within this rather narrow orbit, the Japanese had fared reasonably well. Their farm lands and buildings, in California alone, were valued at \$65,781,000. In 1941, the Japanese turned out 42% of the truck crops raised in California, and their production was valued at \$30 million. In the same year, the 1,000 or more Japanese-operated fruit and vegetable stores in Los Angeles employed nearly 5,000 persons (mostly Japanese) and did an annual business of about \$25 million.

Undeniably there were dangerous individuals among the resident west-

\*Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, 20.  
May, 1944. 29 pp. 10c.

coast Japanese. But those were well known to the authorities. They were promptly arrested on Dec. 7 both in Hawaii and on the west coast. The fact that the military authorities had never contemplated mass evacuation until a public agitation began to develop in favor of the idea indicates that they did not regard the risk as serious.

It would be idle to review now the pros and cons of mass evacuation were it not for the fact that mass evacuation has placed the entire resident Japanese-American minority under suspicion. The fact that evacuation was ordered, for example, is now being cited as proof of the disloyal character of the entire group. Actually, there is no basis whatever in the available evidence for such an inference. It is also interesting to note that some of the groups most active in California in urging evacuation of every person of Japanese ancestry from the west coast were, at the same time, strenuously opposed to the evacuation of a single person of Japanese ancestry from Hawaii! Some of these groups, moreover, had a freely acknowledged economic interest in a mass evacuation. Immediately following Pearl Harbor, the Shipper-Grower Association of Salinas, Calif., sent Austin E. Anson to Washington to lobby for evacuation. "We're charged with wanting to get rid of the Japs for selfish reasons," said Mr. Anson. "We might as well be honest. We do. It's a question of whether the white man lives on the Pacific Coast or the brown man."

Although the relocation centers are an improvement on the temporary as-

sembly centers, they can hardly be considered as satisfactory living quarters. Evacuees are housed in barracks with one family per room and, in many instances, more than one family is housed in a single room. Community toilets and washrooms have been set up for each block, and evacuees are fed in community mess halls at a cost to the government of between 34c and 42c a person a day. No one has starved, and no one has frozen; but this is about as much as can be said in defense of the centers as housing projects. No fair-minded person who has visited them will believe, for one moment, that the evacuees are being "coddled" or "pampered."

As far as possible under the circumstances, the War Relocation Authority has sought to maintain the constitutional rights of the evacuees. The citizens among them continue to vote in the areas in which they were formerly residents. There is no censorship of mail. Virtual freedom of religious worship is maintained. Open meetings may be conducted, and outspoken newspapers are published by evacuees. A degree of self-government is also permitted. Obviously, it would be an exaggeration to say that evacuees can exercise their constitutional rights with the same freedom from restraint that prevails outside the centers; but most basic rights have been maintained. Approximately 90% of the employable residents are employed by WRA on various work projects and in mess halls, hospitals, farms, etc., in the centers. Evacuees receive a cash allowance of

\$12, \$16, or \$19 a month according to the nature of their duties. Food, shelter, and medical care are all provided without charge. There are 30,000 Japanese-Americans of school age in the centers, for whom educational facilities, kindergarten through high school, have been provided.

Mass evacuation has created a host of problems. Since they were not created by the people but by the government, they must be accepted as a national responsibility. The evacuation program was so uncertain at the outset and so sudden when it came that the evacuees did not have time to dispose of their property in a fair and orderly manner. Altogether, their west-coast holdings were valued at around \$200 million. While WRA now has established a property division designed to assist the evacuees, a satisfactory system of property custodianship was lacking when evacuation was ordered. Heavy losses were suffered through hasty, forced sales. Since the majority of the evacuees have been cleared of even the suspicion of disloyalty, it would seem only fair for the government to make some compensation. This can probably best be accomplished through the creation of a claims commission in the postwar period to pass upon the thousands of claims that will unquestionably be filed.

One of the worst features of mass evacuation was that a minority was subjected to unusually harsh measures solely on the grounds of race or ancestry. Only those persons having Japanese blood were included within the

order; and all were included who had any Japanese blood, however slight. This presents a constitutional problem of the gravest possible character. By May, 1944, some 22,000 evacuees had been released from the centers and relocated outside the evacuated area. The WRA may succeed in relocating an additional 20,000 by the end of 1944. But even this will still leave in the relocation centers, not including Tule Lake, close to 50,000 evacuees. The most energetic, the best trained, and the most highly skilled evacuees have already been relocated. Individual relocation is certain to proceed more slowly after 1944.

There will be left in the centers, in any case, a permanent "residue" population of lame, halt, and blind, old Issei bachelors, orphans, aged Issei couples without children. Strong pressures may still be found in most of the centers against relocation. Evacuees fear the "outside." They are uncertain about the type of reception they will meet. They lack confidence in their ability to succeed in areas with which they are not familiar. Having adjusted to center life, they do not want to face still another dislocation. And, lastly, there is the hope in many minds of an eventual return to the west coast.

Relocation might be accelerated if evacuees could be granted permission to return to the coast for periods of from 30 to 90 days, to dispose of such holdings as they still retain and arrange for the shipment of personal belongings to other areas. The changed military situation would seem to jus-

tify relaxation. The danger of actual invasion has passed; many of the emergency measures have already been relaxed both on the coast and in Hawaii; the west coast is no longer a theater of war but a base of operations.

In no case would there be a mass return of the evacuees to the west coast. Many of them have already been relocated elsewhere; others are being relocated every day; and, in many instances, there is nothing for the evacuees to return to on the coast. Among the Nisei, in particular, there is a strong current of feeling against the coast. If the ban were lifted entirely, it would mean that the last restriction on the rights of the Nisei had been removed. This consideration alone would go far toward improving the morale of all who remain in the relocation camps.

Already WRA has announced that it intends to close one of its Arkansas relocation centers as soon as possible. If relocation proceeds at the 1943 rate, it is possible that other centers can be closed before the war is over. It would also seem feasible to convert one, possibly two, centers into genuine relocation projects which could eventually be turned over, on a cooperative basis, to the evacuees who will not leave the camps.

Though mass evacuation was harsh, it should be recognized that the relocation program does carry democratic possibilities. The concentration of most of the Japanese-Americans on the west coast in ingrown communities was by no means a healthy situation.

For many of the younger and more

enterprising Nisei, relocation has been a genuinely liberating experience. They have found opportunities they had sought for years prior to their removal. They have moved out of the narrow, airless world of Little Tokyo into the main stream of American life. The experience they have undergone has shattered some of their illusions, but it has given a new value to such concepts as liberty and freedom.

Evacuation was a shock to their pride, but it has not been without its healthy, if unforeseen, consequences. This observation, however, would not be true of the entire group nor even of all the Nisei. For many, evacuation has involved nothing but bitterness and a feeling of frustration.

It may be healthy, moreover, that the "Japanese problem," which has echoed on the west coast for nearly 50 years, has now ceased to be a local and has become a national problem. It is now definitely related to the problem of the other racial minorities. This is important since it is evident that we shall never solve any of those problems until we have solved them all.

The most constructive step taken by the government in dealing with the Japanese-Americans was its decision, in January, 1943, to form an all-Japanese combat team. Previously, the Nisei had been classified as ineligible for military service; today this stigma has been completely removed. The Nisei now have an opportunity to demonstrate their loyalty, and they are doing so in the most concrete manner. There are more than 8,000 Japanese-Ameri-

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cans in the Army. They were among the first troops to land on the beaches of Salerno, where their conduct was singled out for special praise by Gen. Mark Clark. Casualties in the 100th Infantry Battalion, made up entirely of Nisei, amounted to more than 40%.

In addition, Nisei soldiers are serving as interpreters and as intelligence officers with our units throughout the Pacific and in India. As interpreters, they have played, according to Lieut. Col. Karl Gould, "an indispensable role" in the war. (At the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor, there were approximately 600 persons in the U. S., not including the Japanese-Americans, who had a workable knowledge of spoken and written Japanese!) Over 200 Japanese-Americans are serving in the Merchant Marine and quite a number of Nisei girls have joined the WAC.

Faced with conclusive proof of loyalty, all the more remarkable in view of the evacuation program itself, the agitation currently being fostered on the west coast for the deportation of the parents of those soldiers seems unfair. In the days, weeks, and months to follow, the Nisei will be steadily earning the right to fair treatment, to full citizenship, just as the loyal Issei will be establishing, by their excellent conduct under the most trying circumstances, a right to the chance to become American citizens after the war.

If the relocation program is ended at an early date, with most of the evacuees relocated outside the centers, the program itself will show constructive re-

sults despite the hardships, expense, and needless suffering which it has involved. It may be justified as an extension of democracy and not merely defended as "a harsh but necessary" impairment of the democratic process. The bitterness and resentment that it has provoked can be wiped out. The Nisei themselves are anxious to forget the entire experience, provided only that we insist the program serve a genuinely democratic purpose. But if race bigotry gets the upper hand in this program, it can spell disaster. Already there is a dangerous tendency to regard the war in the Pacific as a racial war. Acts of reprisal toward the evacuees, harsh measures taken against them, only aid Japan in furthering its contention that this is a racial war. Already Japan has made effective use of the evacuation program throughout the Far East, where it is constantly being cited as proof of racial bigotry in America. As long as the relocation centers are full of evacuees, we, as a nation, will be in a strange position: attempting to instill a respect for democracy behind barbed wire; advocating principles that we fear to trust in action; trying to administer democratically a program that produces, in the centers themselves, antidemocratic crosscurrents and tendencies.

Many of the basic issues of the war and of the peace to follow are bound up in the ten relocation centers, from California to Arkansas, in which some 80,000 persons of Japanese ancestry are living today.

The ultimate effects of this action

will be felt outside our country, in Asia, in the Pacific, throughout the vast area around the rim of the Pacific where a new world is emerging from this war. Whether we are to save these "young Americans with Asiatic faces" for the democratic way of life involves the vastly more important question of whether we are to extend and deepen this same way of life throughout the Pacific. For our relations with this small group of 80,000 American citizens are, in miniature, a sketch or blueprint of our relations with all the peoples in the Pacific area. It is the key to the complex problem of our relations with postwar Japan.

The President's message to Congress on Sept. 14, 1943, may be regarded as an official statement of federal policy on the relocation program:

"With the segregation of the disloyal evacuees in a separate center, the War Relocation Authority proposes now to redouble its efforts to accomplish the relocation into normal homes and jobs in communities throughout the U. S.,

but outside the evacuated area, of those Americans of Japanese ancestry whose loyalty to this country has remained unshaken through the hardships of the evacuation which military necessity made unavoidable. We shall restore to the loyal evacuees the right to return to the evacuated area as soon as the military situation will make such restoration feasible. Americans of Japanese ancestry, like those of many other ancestries, have shown that they can, and want to, accept our institutions and work loyally with the rest of us, making their own valuable contribution to the national wealth and well-being. In vindication of the very ideals for which we are fighting this war, it is important to us to maintain a high standard of fair, considerate, and equal treatment for the people of this minority, as of all other minorities."

This statement should be construed not as a mere statement of policy by this administration, but as a solemn pledge spoken by the President in the name of the American people.



It is strange that young professors, even in some of our New England colleges, are seriously unaware of any change in the scientific world towards the false assumptions of evolution. They still lecture to our American youth, getting ready in their classes for the fight for democracy, about the man in the cave, as though a cave could be anything but an accident like a hole in a tooth. If man sinned and fell into a cave, the whole question is the height from which he dropped and his subsequent escape from the cave, and glorified return to God through the mediation of the Son of God who entered into the cave of the Nativity for man.

John J. McEleney, S.J., in the *Stylus* (Winter '44).

# Angels on Part Time

By EDWARD J. GIRA, C.R.

Condensed from the *Cantian*\*

Boys with button noses

**It was** the feast of the Ascension and I was waiting in the sacristy of the St. Louis New Cathedral for my Mass. The summer morning was filled with the chattering of awakening birds, and through the open windows I could see the golden rays of the rising sun flickering over the imposing stone structure of the cathedral.

I closed my eyes fiercely to steer my thoughts to more pious terrain. Just then the great doors of the sacristy were gently opened, so gently they nearly came off their hinges, and 40,000 boys in cassocks and surplices marched in. There were really 40 of them, but someone had made the mistake of telling them to march in quietly. A wire-haired terrier and a sad-looking dachshund, probably the non-taxable property of two of the boys, were appropriately at the tail end of the procession. They remained there a moment only, for the sacristan, adept at handling such situations, dispatched them with ease. My guardian angel, who in all probability does not like early hours either, must have dozed off for a moment, because a staff member of the "hot regions" took over and proposed to me the possibilities that could arise if a three-foot St. Bernard pup were to lumber in.

There were boys small and tall, mischievous and wistful, boys with button

noses, and with hair which had barely caught a glimpse of the comb that morning. Their faces were shiny. Period. I did not look beyond that as I do not like to be disillusioned so early in the morning. They were city flowers, raised and bred among high buildings, breathing in air filled with dust and smoke. Especially appealing were the smallest, seven-year-olds who had just enough of their eyes open to see where they were going. They also bore the brunt of most of the pranks perpetrated by their elders. Like lambs they were being pushed from one end of the line to the other, too sleepy to care. All in all, it was as fine a gathering of urchins as you could find on the vacant lot close to your home. The silent man in his study will come out with the succinct thought that the most delightful company is that of a happy boy or several happy boys. Well, we had 40 happy boys in the sacristy, so that should have left us all enraptured. Brother, what that silent and strong man forgot is that you would be happy in their company if you had them on 40 acres, an acre for each. But it is some job to keep your composure with all this bubbling energy confined to the limits of a sacristy. Those were real boys.

Sudden silence fell as the voice of authority came down upon them like a clap of thunder. It was the Mon-

\*3689 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, 8, Mo. June, 1944.

signor, whose towering size emphasized the point that he would enforce his sanctions without any difficulty. It was a case of "Rome has spoken and the cause is finished." I noticed, though, that the Monsignor did not dare turn his back on this lovely gathering, even for a moment. Firmly and kindly he told them that they were to praise and glorify God this morning with their voices, and were to give their best effort in this direction. "So! I'll have a choir this morning." Then the clock struck the hour, leaving me no time to ponder the pros and cons of this new situation. I hastily took my chalice, bowed reverently to the crucifix, and followed my acolyte, who seemed to be walking the deck of a cruiser in a heavy sea. We made our way through the gamut of upturned faces. A "Good mornin', Fudder" in exaggerated whispers greeted my passage and I could imagine my guardian angel hurriedly striving to "shush" them. Out of the corner of my eye I could see that this procession of rascals was following me out into the church, turning in finally to make their way behind the altar to the great organ.

Anyone who sees the new St. Louis cathedral, one of the most beautiful churches in America, is impressed by its immensity. The dome seems to lose itself in space, and you feel like an atom in a universe. But the priest at the altar seems to be in the cozy atmosphere of a small chapel. The marble canopy enveloping the altar seems to crowd the hosts of angels which surround it closer to the priest, and the simple mosaic altar carries one back to the ages when

Constantinople was a respected daughter of the Church. It is an atmosphere which invites recollection and piety, necessary qualities for performing the greatest act of a priest's day.

As I made the sign of the cross to begin Mass, from behind the altar there arose the soft notes of a Kyrie. My heart leaped and responded to the note of supplication contained in their song. This was not an operatic Kyrie, but something which came from young hearts who knew how to say, "Have mercy on me, O Lord!" My urchins had sprouted wings, not big ones, but large enough to lift them and me sufficiently from this world. They gave me the joyous key for my *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, which should have rivaled the one sung that day by the invisible hosts about me. The beauty of the tone of this boys' choir, the freshness and richness of their voices when they sang a hymn in honor of the blessed Virgin at Offertory made my Offertory more fervent. The sincere Sanctus that the choir took up where I had left off caused me to reflect a few seconds longer than usual before uttering the greatest words this world has heard since its creation: "This is My Body. This is the chalice of My Blood. . . ." Reverential, filial awe seized me as I took our Lord into my hands, an awe heightened by the restrained but touching *Behold the Lamb of God* of my angels on part time. Those beautiful voices were still ringing in my ears as I finished reciting the last Gospel and prepared to return to the sacristy. It had been too short. I wanted more of the company

of those fresh, pure voices, but already they were filing out of the sanctuary.

I made my way through the invisible hosts around the altar and then through the visible angelic choir which had preceded me. Here, sad to note, my angels were already losing their newly sprouted wings. The excitement of a full free day ahead and its amazing possibilities was mirrored in their eyes. They were slowly inching out of their surplices, imperceptibly, so the Monsignor would not notice. I gave them all a wide grin as I passed down the line and received a bigger one in return. A priest must have profound respect for boys, grimy, tousled boys. He must realize that he is dealing with

impressionable souls, of men in the cocoon.

Down near the end of the line I caught a glimpse of a little black-haired lad, a hopeful smile flirting on his lips, his eyes raised in awe and adoration. His eyes reflected what his heart felt, that some day . . . perhaps . . . ! Yes, as I passed him, I saw the shadow of the priestly stole hovering over him, the future inscription of a name in a book reserved exclusively for the commissioned officers of God's battalions. I gave him a priestly smile, a smile set apart for such as these. After all, somehow, we don't know how, we priests "know our own," even among those angels on part time!



## History of Infantile Paralysis

By IRWIN ABELL

Known but unseen enemy

Condensed from the *Catholic Educational Review*\*

**A little** more than 100 years ago, a dark drama began in a tiny village. The only son of a simple German woman was suddenly stricken with a paralysis which withered his legs, left him frail and crippled for life. He was taken to the most outstanding bone specialist in Stuttgart, in the hope that his bones might be made straight again. But the great specialist, Dr. Jacob Heine, found that the disease had

nothing to do with the bones, but was a weakening of the muscles, a result of damaged or dead nerve cells. He was powerless. What was this strange enemy?

It was almost 50 years before the great Dr. Heine's theory was tested. In 1887 an epidemic broke out in Stockholm, Sweden, 44 cases in six months, the first epidemic of its kind in recorded history. At the University of Stock-

\*1326 Quincy St., N. E., Washington, 17, D. C. June, 1944.



holm, Professor Medin conducted autopsies and carefully noted his evidence: "This disease definitely attacks the nervous system, starting in the brain. It is infectious and may occur in epidemics."

In 1905, infantile paralysis struck Sweden in a great epidemic a second time within one generation. Dr. Ivar Wickman, pupil successor to Professor Medin, built up a magnificent file of data. He found through experience with simple country folk that children, even though isolated from the stricken child in a family, became ill as well. After questioning the parents, he found that many had visited the other children and had undoubtedly acted as carriers, though not ill themselves. Still in the dark as to the cause of the dread malady, which Wickman named Heine-Medin disease, it was a step forward to know it could be spread by contact. If so, the cause must be a microbe, thus far unknown. The struggle must begin in the laboratory.

In 1908, at the University of Vienna, Dr. Karl Landsteiner and his assistant, Dr. Popper, began experiments to track down the microbe. Emulsions were obtained from the spinal columns of children who had died shortly after contracting the disease. This emulsion was injected into ordinary experimental animals such as guinea pigs, rabbits, and mice, and nothing happened: results were negative. Were their nervous systems too simple to simulate activity of the human mechanism? The doctors did not know.

Baboons and monkeys were then

used. The doctors injected the paralysis emulsion. Within the week, the baboon died of infantile paralysis and the monkey developed symptoms. At last infantile paralysis was captured in the laboratory, and now could be produced at will for experiment and study.

Dr. Simon Flexner and Dr. Paul Lewis of the Rockefeller Institute carried on from there, and examined the brains and spinal columns of the infected animals. These men discovered positive inflammation of nerve tissues caused by a living organism. And although other scientists had assumed bacterial action, no bacteria could be found. Lewis and Flexner filtered all bacteria out of the emulsion, yet the monkeys were continuously affected. The infecting agent of poliomyelitis must belong to the class of filtrable viruses, living organisms too small to be seen by the most powerful microscopes available.

Back in Vienna, Dr. Landsteiner, in 1911, pondered: "Is the virus transmitted from one person to another? If there are no cuts nor bruises nor anything of that nature, the virus must leave the infected body through some natural, normal opening present in the normal individual." His experiments proved that the very nasal secretion of a sick animal contained sufficient virus to infect healthy monkeys and wither their bodies with paralysis.

Most of the tests were valuable, in a negative sense. Doctors and scientists knew much more about treatments and experiments that did not produce results than they did about positive reac-

tions. The sinister virus, as well as the cure of poliomyelitis, was still a dark mystery. Scientists carried on their fight unceasingly. So little was known; they had such dubious weapons to combat even single cases. And then disaster struck at thousands of children in one great epidemic in our own country.

It was the hot summer of 1916. In New York City, untold numbers of children became upset, irritable, feverish, drowsy, and headachy. A mother would go into her child's room to find that he could not move his legs or arms nor raise his head, nor even swallow. Panic swept the city; the whole eastern seaboard suffered the worst epidemic ever known.

Doctors worked like demons, trying every known treatment. There was no checking the disease. Every precaution was taken to keep children and adults alike away from crowded beaches, away from strangers and busy places. Yet, often, far away on some isolated, secluded farm, a child would be stricken suddenly. Terror, still unforgotten, filled the hearts of all America during the menacing summer of 1916.

Again in 1931 a fearful epidemic of infantile paralysis struck New York City, on the first day of August. With pleading eyes people cried out, "Don't let this be another tragedy like 1916. Don't allow this disease to leave twisted wrecks of human lives in its wake." Comparatively large-scale attempts were made during this epidemic to immunize and speed recovery by injecting victims with the blood of convalesc-

ing patients who had built up a resistance. But the results were far from gratifying. Was this another failure? No, there are no failures in scientific research. Each such event stimulates research to gain new knowledge.

Science knew that the virus leaves the sick body through the nose and other normal passage exits. But does it enter the body by means of the nose as well? In 1934, Drs. Edwin W. Schultz and Louis Gebhart of Stanford University severed the olfactory nerve of an anesthetized monkey, the nerve leading from the nasal passage to the brain, thus breaking the perfect pathway for the virus of poliomyelitis to reach brain nerve centers and spinal column. With this pathway broken, or removed, they felt there was no route open for the virus to enter the brain. The results were overwhelmingly favorable. The 15 monkeys with olfactory nerves intact were all paralyzed. But the 15 whose nerves were severed were all normal and had not contracted the disease.

Scientists began to look for some chemical composition which would block the pathway of the virus in the nose before it could enter the brain. But only a real epidemic could reveal the worth of results apparently successful in the laboratory. In 1937, an epidemic broke out in Toronto, Canada. A test was made, using zinc sulphate as a nasal spray to block the entrance of virus. The results were almost negligible.

Had the Toronto experiment failed because zinc sulphate was the wrong

chemical? Or was there a more fundamental error? Had nasal transmission of infantile paralysis received too much emphasis? In 1938, Dr. John A. Toomey of Western Reserve University revealed, after assiduous research, that it was possible that the disease is sometimes spread through the gastro-intestinal tract. Failure meant only a greater challenge.

One thing was certain: that coordinated, concerted action was needed to throw full weight into the battle. On Sept. 25, 1937, the President of the U. S. commented on a foundation for this work: "The general purpose of the new foundation will be to lead, direct and unify the fight on every phase of this sickness. It will make every effort to ensure that every responsible research agency in this country is adequately financed to investigate the cause of infantile paralysis and the methods of prevention. It will endeavor to eliminate much of the needless after-effects caused by failure to make early and accurate diagnosis of its presence.

"And there is also the tremendous problem as to what is to be done with those hundreds of thousands, already ruined by the aftereffects of this affliction. To investigate, to study, to develop every medical possibility of enabling those so afflicted to become economically independent in their local communities will be one of the chief aims of the new foundation."

This was the original blueprint, and

on Jan. 3, 1938, a nonprofit organization, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, was formed. It has grown by leaps and bounds. To date there are about 3,000 chapters serving 3,070 counties.

The chapters, which retain 50% of money raised, are manned by volunteers who serve on a year-round basis. They assist the afflicted regardless of age, race, color or creed, providing orthopedic equipment, training of personnel, and financial assistance for payment of hospital expenses for patients in need of that care. During epidemics the volunteers not only aid those stricken but also work with doctors and public-health officials.

But there is a big job of teaching to be done, educating people to understand the nature of the disease: teaching recognition of symptoms; publicizing material explaining the disease, obtainable by simply writing the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.\* The part everyone can play in allaying the fear of infantile paralysis, as well as learning how to prepare for possible epidemics, must be taught to all.

There is still much to be learned; it is not certain how the disease is spread; there is no known drug to cure it, and no accepted method of immunization. The search may be compared to a gigantic picture puzzle. Research contributes a piece here, a piece there; in time the whole picture will emerge.

\* 120 Broadway, New York, 3, N.Y.

Not a man in Europe today that speaks so bravely against the Church but owes it to the Church that he is able to speak at all.

Cardinal Newman.

# Portrait of a Mean Man

By EAMON McDONOUGH

Misanthrope in a rocker

Condensed from the *Stylus*\*

**Some persons** start life with a streak of meanness. Others get it by practicing. Old Man Krummell worked long to acquire his. He was the most piddling busybody I have ever had a desire to thumb my nose at. No occasion was too trifling for him to exhibit his pettiness.

He lived in the corner house, a scant three feet and a scarred picket fence separating him on his porch from the *hoi polloi* passing to and fro. There he would sit in his straight-backed rocker and autocratically survey all who even drew near his shabby realm. In severe weather, he would merely transfer his rocker to the parlor.

He seemed to have a consummate hatred for all his neighbors, especially the children. Naturally, the feeling was mutual.

Everyone cordially disliked him, including all the storekeepers and local police. He incurred the disfavor of the storekeepers by his pinchpenny bargaining, and he worried the cops to death by perpetually reminding them he was a taxpayer and demanding their aid in his numerous ill-will campaigns.

There were a few women who felt sorry for him and tried, difficult though it was, to be charitable. My mother was one of them. She would often shush father in the midst of a tirade against Krummell. And she used to lecture us

kids for hours about being kind to the old man, no matter what the other children did. "Remember," she'd say, "he's your elder. Besides, he's had a hard life, poor man. What with his wife dying young, and then losing his only son in the war." Which should, I suppose, have been telling arguments in his favor. Still, we never failed to agree, in private, that the wife and son were a heck of a lot better off where they were than living with such an old stinker.

Why, if the girl across the street lingered with her boy friend some night, Krummell would make it a point to let the whole neighborhood know by morning! If the youngsters played baseball on the street, for want of a better playground, the cop was summoned in short order. Nothing escaped the eagle eye of this self-appointed monitor of public morality.

Not, mind you, that this cross-grained geezer was any paragon of civic virtue: he would have taken the greatest delight in seeing the whole neighborhood damned to destruction. He might even have paid for the bomb to do it with. Nor did he entertain any particular respect for the law, even while he called on police to help him. Though he had been warned often to clear the ice from his sidewalks in winter, he arrogantly ignored it. Time and again, people had slipped in front of his door-

\*Boston College, Chestnut Hill, 67, Mass. Winter, 1944.

way, to rise cursing, with sprained ankles, vowing to sue him or, at least, to have his hide. Time and again they resolved to clamp down, but always they grew chickenhearted and let it go. Not until the bitter cold morning that he himself walked out jauntily and broke his leg did he decide sand was made for slippery sidewalks.

Sometimes he could reach incredible heights of splenetic scrubbiness. We always used to hold our Fourth-of-July bonfire in the vacant lot across the street from his house. Year after year, like clockwork, just as the fire really got to blazing, out would come old Krummell with a couple of buckets of water to douse our meager pyrotechnic celebration. Once, he even led the cops in a backyard chase of our notorious gang of patriotic arsonists. Of course, we got even with him for that.

He possessed a cat; or, perhaps, the cat possessed him. It was one of those green-eyed, slinky little beasts that everyone instinctively distrusts. Krummell lavished all his saturnine affection on it. The next day we took the cat, tied all available tin cans to its tail, and set all the dogs we could corral to chasing it up and down the street. We sat back in our mental Morris chairs and awaited developments. Nothing happened for a week. Friday, however, a strange epidemic struck. Half the dogs mysteriously died; poisoned, someone said. We didn't expect that.

Then there were the two kids who lived with their widowed mother next door to the old attercop. They were famous as anti-Krummellian leaders.

They were highly imaginative, and the schemes they concocted would have done credit to Machiavelli. Krummell fully appreciated their unusual talents and everyone knew he was laying for them.

Their main support was the widow's pension the mother received. Now, one couldn't live in luxury, even in our city, on her munificent government dole. So she managed to get herself a little job on the side: not much, just a few dollars a week, enough to give the kids some little extras.

Well, His Hegemonious Highness got wind of the widow's duplicity (probably at a meeting of the Taxpayers' Club). The proper legal agencies were informed of it; in due time, the pension was cut off. The woman was forced to move to an even worse district than ours. Again, the street was made safe for autocracy.

Our family didn't stay long around that locality. My father got promoted. We decided to put on the dog and betake ourselves to the suburbs.

It was years before I saw the old corner again. By then, the place had greatly degenerated. New families were living there, slum people, a sickly, unwholesome race, too worried and beaten to do other than cling to life listlessly. They kept strictly away from all of the remaining old-timers, including Krummell.

The old Belial was still hanging on. I saw him crouching low in his rocker like an ill-omened bird in its aerie. I was going to speak to him to see if he would recognize me; but I thought



better of it. He probably would have only cursed me for the time I threw the horse manure in through his kitchen window.

Yet, I somehow felt a strange pity

for him, as he tottered there on his creaky throne. Poor, lonely, sick-hearted old man with his whole life swept from beneath him. There was nobody he really knew left for him to hate.



### Turned Leaf

Perhaps you might be interested in a story of a man without sight, who has joined Alcoholics Anonymous; that's me. I have read in another magazine, braille edition, something pertaining to the subject, but it went over my head. Then, in a very jittery condition, I picked up a magazine, hoping it wasn't the CATHOLIC DIGEST, for I figured God was O. K. for those on His team, but didn't want to hear me. It *was* your magazine, but, at random, I picked an article, or shall we say it was special guidance.

It was the account of the fellow who couldn't stop drinking till both his legs were broken; tried everything, and finally had to admit Barleycorn could slug. Well, I wrote the organization, but with a chip on my shoulder; if they got tough I had a few answers for them. I was wrong; they let me let down my hair, like going to confession, and how could I scrap then? Well, soon I was back at Mass, and, though I have had two slips in eight months, here's the score: 1. I got back

to Mass, which I was attending probably once a month; also to the sacraments. 2. Started writing a little book, titled *Pomes, Games, Jokes*, and am on the second thousand now. 3. Wrote songs for Boy Scout patrols, and helped put them over at a program. 4. Invented baseball games and other amusements for children, with marbles, dice, cards, to interest them in their school work; yes, and even though I get the football on the bean, I go out and play, kicking goals and arguing with them. 5. I am also giving talks on problems of sightless men returning from service.

I have regained confidence, without being cocky. We Alcoholics Anonymous ask God to show us the best way in the morning, and be thankful at night. Most doctors say, "Quit for life." That makes it sound too tough. I made it a game, carrying the cross, but making it the ball for Notre Dame: keep sober the first week, a touchdown, etc.

P. S. My wife, without sight, and child who sees, are happy, and how!

From a letter.

# Nicaraguan Interlude

By DEMETRIUS MANOUSOS

The Bishop's tale

Condensed from the *Cowl*\*

**Reverence** and convention build a wall around a bishop. No bishop likes this wall, least of all Bishop Matthew Niedhammer. There are times, however, when the conventions cannot conceal the bright light of a man's character, as when Bishop Niedhammer talked to the Capuchin Community at Marathon, Wis., and wandered away from his subject to talk about his jungle pets.

The pets were two monkeys and a macaw given to the Bishop and his assistant while they were working at Siuna. The Bishop was Father Matthew then, one of two hard-working missionaries alternately plagued and pleased by the indefatigable attentions of Siuna's children.

Monkeys are eaten in Nicaragua; but the missionaries determined to keep their gifts as pets. On being taken up by Father Casimir, the smaller monkey immediately put its arms about the priest's neck and cuddled up against him. Father Casimir christened it Darling on the spot. The other animal was not so friendly. Tied in the yard, it would neither eat nor play until Father Matthew decided to let it go, lest it starve in captivity.

That was all it wanted. Immediately Fatty became the liveliest and friendliest animal in Siuna. It joined Darling in playing with the children, clamber-

ing onto the friars' backs, and eating from their hands.

The menagerie was completed by a macaw, a larger bird than a parrot and more beautiful, having a plumage of brilliant scarlet blending with yellow or blue. Its strong, hooked bill is wisely feared by other birds and by animals.

The macaw soon saw the monkeys as serious rivals. It, too, was free to wander among the trees but preferred the society of the Capuchins. Finding the door closed, it would drum on it with its beak. Perched on Father Matthew's shoulder, it would rub its head against his cheek. If he ignored it, it would tweak his ear. It could easily have nipped off a substantial portion, but it nipped "only hard enough to be noticed, and sometimes a little bit harder," as Bishop Niedhammer put it.

A mild feud developed. The monkeys no sooner appeared than the macaw swooped down from the priest's shoulder. Woe to the tail too slow to avoid the jealous beak! But there seems to have been little genuine enmity in those battles. At times a monkey would take refuge behind the skirts of a missionary's habit. Keeping the friar between itself and its pursuer, it would circle round and round. Suddenly the priest would lift his habit, and the bird would dash between his legs to seize the unsuspecting monkey by the tail.

\* 110 Shonnard Pl., Yonkers, 3, N. Y. June, 1944.

After such betrayals the victim never failed to give his master a remarkable look of disappointed trust—at least, so Bishop Niedhammer told us.

It was not always war. Often they would remain side by side in the greatest amity. One Sunday morning, for instance, Father Matthew was in the middle of his sermon, when to his dismay three newcomers entered the church. Down the center aisle came his pets in solemn zoological procession: Fatty first, Darling next, and macaw in the rear. He continued his sermon, signaling the delighted children to remain perfectly still, and praying that the animals would be awed by the unaccustomed vestments. They were. Instead of clambering to his shoulders as usual, they sat quietly at his feet, the monkeys watching him, and the bird preening its feathers. At the end of a very brief sermon, Father Matthew signalled a boy to open a side door. As he had hoped, his pets immediately left the congregation in peace.

Another memorable day was when Fathers Matthew and Casimir, prodled on by nostalgia for that delicacy, the doughnut, determined to make some. Out came utensils and cookbook. Bishop Niedhammer professes he does not know what went wrong, but the doughnuts sank to the bottom of the

sizzling lard and stayed there. With the optimism of missionaries they waited until the little circlets of dough looked done and fished them up. Slightly dubious, they called a monkey. It was known to eat anything from the choicest table foods to the ugliest insects. It took the "doughnut," scrutinized it, sniffed it, and flung it away.

But the monkeys proved a nuisance in the long run. The missionaries noticed their garden degenerating. The monkeys had a passion for flowers. They would clasp huge clumps of flowers in their hairy arms, press them to their bosoms, bury their noses among the fragrant petals, and then pluck each blossom from its stem and toss it aside.

It was the last straw. Fatty and Darling were crated back to their native jungles. It was an act of mercy, for had they been given away they would have gone into somebody's dinner.

Those are a few facts in the lives of Fatty and Darling. Would that I could catch some of the light in Bishop Niedhammer's eyes as he narrated them, forgetting himself even so far as to act out parts of the story. Those were happy days, when his missionary's heart had its fill of the hidden, simple life. It is different now. Reverence and convention build a wall around a Bishop.



The world loves the mediocre. The world hates the very good and the very bad. The good are a reproach to the mediocre, and the evil are a disturbance. This is why Christ was crucified with thieves.

Fulton J. Sheen quoted in the *Messenger of the Immaculate Conception* (1944).

# Religion and the Press

By HENRY MARTIN

Professional's plea for intelligence

Condensed from *Editor & Publisher*\*

This address was delivered to the Provincial Newspaper Editors of Great Britain at the Savoy Hotel, London, Feb. 1, 1944. Mr. Martin is editor-in-chief of Press Association, a Reuter affiliate which serves as a domestic newsgathering agency for the British press. This is the first time that the subject of religion has been sharply focussed before a meeting of hard-boiled editors.

**After the** war, but preferably now, the press, as a key industry, has got to determine its attitude toward religion, whether it is to be cooperative, just benevolent, indecisive, aloof or even hostile. Up to now it has, in the main, shirked a realistic approach.

It is only within the last year or two that we have seen a tangible stirring of the journalistic conscience, reflecting, if in reduced measure, a freer discussion of religious matters among all sections of the community. The question is whether in this respect as in others the press will fulfill its function of mirroring trends of popular thought. It is significant that though a bare tenth of the [British] population are churchgoers, a spirit of inquiry is manifesting itself in all ages and classes, a genuine desire to know what Christianity has to say to the world's problems and whether it can supply the answer. A few newspapers have faced up to the issue and started pioneer work.

Generally speaking, religion has always been regarded, especially in Lon-

don, as the leper at the rich newspaper table, where politics, industry, economics, finance, crime, sensation, and sport have been honored and pampered guests and a few odd crumbs have been thrown grudgingly to Lazarus, after art, drama, music, archaeology, and science have managed to secure a meager ration. Today the spiritual element, or the Christian ethic, is challenging you for the position as chief guest, as the physician called in as a last resort to cure the world's ills.

Whatever its shortcomings, the British press sets an example to the world. Its quality of stewardship is now going to be tested. A spiritual revival is most likely. People are more interested in God as distinct from goodness than they have ever been. A moral religion alone is being found insufficient. We have seen in the Axis countries how low-level idealism has degenerated into idolism.

Tens of thousands of men and women returning from the forces will look for a living faith, an all-satisfying philosophy. They will ask for an answer to the question whether the practice of Christian principles can avert a recurrence of the horrors of modern warfare. Is the press going to be a reliable guide? Is it going to pull its weight in stemming the tide of materialism?

Journalistic ideals, nobly maintained

\*42nd St. and Broadway, New York City, 18. June 17, 1944.

during the war, will be stimulated by peace. Newspaper managements will be looking for fresh fields to exploit. Editorial enterprise will enter upon a period of renaissance. You may have noted how the expression of the demand which religion makes upon the individual conscience has seeped very markedly this last year into newspaper columns. I predict that it will flow much more vigorously and insistently into them.

The press cannot be indifferent: it will not be allowed to. We are, first and foremost, newspapermen. Rebuilding the world is not something that you and I can or will ever say is not our business. The germs of a new world repose in the minds and consciences of each of us.

The foundation of the new order we wish to see rests upon the Christian home. Evolution or revolution is no more nor less than the external patterning of the working of individual souls, and the press is one of the most potent factors determining how those souls shall think and act.

Since, therefore, the spiritual permeates every thought, action, decision, it follows that religion is news, of the highest order, inescapable news, of a kind that has never been adequately or clearly perceived in our profession. But the pendulum has swung back. Leaders of the forces have testified to the help the Almighty has given them as a result of their daily request for guidance.

The right of the churches to express an opinion upon social politics and the

attitude of the Christian towards citizenship have been actively canvassed. Statesmen are not hesitating to emphasize Christian principles. Leaders of industry are openly admitting the spiritual value of honest dealing. Trade-union leaders are urging an infusion of the Christian spirit into the solution of labor troubles, and one ex-president of the Trades Union Congress has appealed for the Christian code in the workshop and in giving the public a square deal.

This is news, religious news; and as testimony of this kind multiplies I cannot see how the press can logically stop short at dispassionate reporting. Leading articles in which even a tiny thread of religion is interwoven are of extreme rarity in the daily newspapers; but the press will, I am convinced, find itself of necessity coming to accept religion as a background for relating, analyzing and interpreting the philosophies, problems and issues of the age just as certainly as at present it utilizes moral standards and conventions and political creeds for testing news proposals put forward in the public interest. Is it prepared to Christianize public opinion?

I have no doubt that in common with other industries newspapers are setting up technical committees to scan the postwar horizon. I suggest a religious research committee also, the aim of which should be to enfranchise religion, give it a Magna Charta, and embody that charter in the press constitution. Here, tentatively, are the terms of reference:



1. To ascertain frankly why religion has been looked at askance in the press, whether because it has been the reflection of public pressure or indifference to an apparently moribund topic, or because of faulty ideas and an immature realization of its true value on the part of those concerned in newspaper direction.

2. To consider what kind of philosophies and men and women are likely to prevail after the war as a result of the victory of the United Nations, and what present factors call for special study to secure a reliable answer.

3. To consider the approximate extent to which the spiritual may be expected to replace the material outlook and permeate the life of the nation.

4. To advise, if such permeation be deemed likely, upon the extent and method of response the press should make to meet the need, and to estimate the effect on circulations.

5. To take into account the reaction upon the thinking of the nonreligious population to the repeated suggestion in newspapers of Christian principles as something differing from and transcending the mere moral argument in dealing with civic, national and international questions.

6. To weigh the internal implications in newspaper offices of the adoption of a policy based upon religious standards.

The press reacts to religion, generally speaking, with a certain wariness and frequently with contempt. There is an attitude of suspicion that an attempt is being made to sell something

for ulterior motives. Then there is the not unreasonable fear of being drawn into the cockpit of denominational discords.

Yet another reason may be the unnatural deportment of some of the clergy. The ordinary journalist has no difficulty in weighing up what is so frequently in his experience the hollowness of a clergyman and his failure, perhaps inability, to put into practice when dealing with the press the principles of brotherhood which he outwardly professes. In brief, the whole terrain is unfamiliar, sown with hidden mines, and the journalist prefers safety first.

But it goes deeper than that. In Fleet St. one sensed before the war that religion was regarded by those of the younger generation, whose advancement had been of the mushroom variety, as something almost indecent. To be associated with it was like appearing in the street with a friend who had taken off his clothes. And today either the verdict is "Poor chap, what a pity," or you will encounter the virulent criticism of those who, onion-like, have lost their souls in layers of materialist accretions.

The unguided average subeditor or reporter regards the wastepaper basket as the right receptacle for religious copy. Often his assessment is correct. On the other hand, even if he is not prejudiced, it may be his limited outlook that is wrong because the copy does not measure up to his stereotyped estimate of what constitutes "good stuff." It has not occurred to him to

make annual reassessments and enlarge his sense of values. He becomes a desk Rip Van Winkle. A similar impression prevails higher up.

It is gratifying that in the last 12 months a nucleus has been developing among the national newspapers which recognize the things the more thoughtful sections of the public need and want in the matter of religious news, views, and comment. Responsiveness outside London to the Press Association policy of including in reports the religious aspects of subjects under discussion is an encouraging indication that public utterances on spiritual matters are recognized as being of public concern.

More than this. In some small newspapers news reports are reinforced by regular religious features. Their sturdy independence and example are invigorating. Religion, one feels, has a corner of its own, is a welcome visitor. Readers are attracted because articles, as well as sermons, stand or fall on merit. Local opinion is quick to appreciate such evidence of responsible and uplifting journalism and show a respect which the newspaper could not attain in any other way.

If a newspaper has political convictions, is there any reason why it should not have religious? Why be ashamed to have them? Advocates of materialism have no such qualms.

It was the Queen who said in her broadcast that women must be concerned with religion, as it is in Christian homes that real spiritual recovery and rebuilding of national life should

start. I am still waiting for an influential newspaper to urge the Cabinet to mobilize the spiritual strength of the nation and to advocate the Christian touch in the solution of the recurrent industrial and labor problems. Perilous stuff, perhaps, but opening up unexplored territory.

If a new spirit is to infuse the press the first move must obviously come from newspaper management. Direction allied to good will from the very top is the only true orientation, for it will sweep away staff fear or reluctance. It will enable an editor to confer frankly with representatives of organized religion and associated movements.

I am not suggesting religion should be given a disparity of presentation. It must be a natural integration, rather than an excrescence. The commercial aspect, too, must be borne in mind. There is the necessity to remember the delicately balanced economic structure and to test the stress and strain to which such a policy may be calculated to subject a particular type of publication, serious-minded or popular.

Circulation, it is true, may drop. The test of a proprietor's faith would be his readiness to lose circulation, which decrease I believe would be only temporary.

Next there is the necessity to create the correct staff attitude. The characteristic attitude of a journalist towards religious matters is the product of an incomplete education. Lack of a cultural background leads to the narrowing of interest to sex, sports, and sensa-

tion. It is an infantile outlook shared by a vast proportion of the population. Religion is taboo at school, or, if religious instruction is given, it ceases at 14 or no longer keeps pace with the adolescent mind, which as a consequence sets up science as a god. It is this absence of extended instruction, together with a lack of knowledge of ethics, philosophy, metaphysics, and the thoughts and reasoning of the greatest minds the world has produced that may account for the myopic assertion, "It doesn't interest me, so it cannot be of interest to readers."

It may be that as a preliminary to convincing reporters and subeditors that there is a wider horizon they will need retraining in judging copy. Shall I exempt news editors? Reporters will need to be instructed not to close their eyes until their subconscious professional mind puts them on the alert directly a speaker utters a striking passage. Addresses should be followed as a whole, not simply in segments to disinter matter for dramatic headlines. A higher standard of education will have to be demanded from recruits to journalism and a watch kept on their intellectual growth as they ascend the ladder. The postwar journalist must be humble, and dig down deep to appreciate what people are expecting of his profession. The press cannot present a new front to the public without putting its own house in order.

All will agree that freedom must remain freedom, not stray into license. Then, one of the implications concerns closer relations between employers and

employed, and office conditions. The code of professional conduct must be kept taut. Intrusion into privacy must remain under control.

One of the worst features of journalism before the war was the periodic witch hunt. Akin to this is the baiting of the man who may have said something indiscreet. He is pilloried, and every time he pops up afresh out come all the old reference clippings. One public man confessed to me that the press had driven him to the brink of suicide.

Next, any biased or distorted reporting, especially of Parliamentary debates, should be judged as infringing the canons of honesty.

Something worth considering is the unpredictable way in which what is written influences public opinion. Experience has created a definite impression on my mind that readers follow what newspapers say about men and movements on whom and on which hasty and often prejudiced judgment is passed and the gallery played up to. It is curious that matters of goodness should be met in some sections of the press with derision and deprecation and that not a fraction of the time and trouble is levied upon appraising them justly that is spent in verifying the facts of a story with but a passing interest. Once Fleet St. condemns, and provided there is no fear of legal retaliation, it has a knack, on occasion, of turning a blind eye to evidence favoring the accused, and goes so far as to refuse a platform for reply. It is this kind of disparagement which the public believes,

and it is worse than irresponsible to deprive the community of information which it should have to enable it to form a correct and impartial judgment.

Even worse is the policy that instigates inquiries merely to snoop for someone or something to snipe and sneer at. No self-respecting editor will use religion or public welfare as a cloak for rummaging in the dustbin for sex garbage. There will be no room for suggestive articles, nor for unnecessary reports of salacious court cases. I am not overlooking the occasions when it is a matter of public concern that unpleasant cases should not be entirely ignored. Nor should features which under the guise of entertainment encourage superstition be in newspapers. War favors the spread of necromancy, which journalism should expose uncompromisingly. If it does not, science will, for science has long since made up its mind to act as counselor and guardian against pseudo-scientific claims and charlatanism.

Two things I know are coming. One is a press campaign conducted on an extensive scale by organized religion. Alongside this is the possibility of an advertising campaign to "put across Christianity." In both, the churches must show that they have something to publicize, and journalists that they are capable of recognizing and evaluating it impartially and correctly.

Secondly, science will be seeking the cooperation of the press in making the public science-conscious. Editors will need a ripe knowledge and wisdom to hold the balance evenly between the

claims of science and religion, each of which is, like journalism, seeking after truth. Science, though master in its own sphere, has limitations against the more spacious horizon of things outside its realm.

I favor a similar and equal contact with the Roman Catholic Church and the free churches. In consequence, the Christian angle on national or international issues would tend to find expression in editorial comment and policy. One result would be to encourage the appointment of ecclesiastical correspondents, who no doubt would compare notes over a cup of coffee with the science correspondents. Then contact between editors and the local clergy might be made more mutually profitable.

While the religious-minded are likely to be satisfied, the large majority upon whom no impression may be made by routine reports must not be overlooked. It may not be the duty of a newspaper to evangelize, yet discreet reiteration of the Christian motif presented as a living truth in modern parable form may at least arouse the curiosity of those who from choice or ignorance are not religious, and probably lead to inquiry.

It is, of course, the conversational value of any particular subject that is the deciding factor as to publication. Unless the subject has a live interest for discussion, a reader does not want to know an editor's opinion. The art of presenting religion in this way has been lost, if it ever existed, and a vicious circle set up which has partly ac-

counted for press apathy. Today life presses upon us so insistently as to demand that the press by virtue of its position shall break that circle.

Religion is not the only subject from which journalists seek to escape because they do not understand it, nor wish nor try to, and this process of contraction is not a healthy omen. Escapism is the negation of the journalistic function. Religion, without theological dry bones, can be related to life and made an interesting topic, and there is a special opportunity for journalism to harness it to local life in its many manifestations and activities.

Newspapers can continue their function as a corrective force. They can analyze and expose the blatant evils of the age and the more plausible but false philosophies which in one form or another always crop up. When we note how the German youth have been poisoned by nazi doctrines, we can see how essential it is to prevent infection

of our boys and girls. The answer is to give them competent and effective spiritual equipment.

Journalism can discuss the religious aspect of public affairs and the public aspect of religious affairs both at home and abroad. Journalism can show that religion is not a sideshow, but that Christianity is a fighting faith from which this nation has derived its most precious elements, and that it can once again be woven into not only the fabric of personal living, but into a whole philosophy of progress whereby the future can be insured as well as the present saved.

All this may be summed up in a profound piece of repartee. A superficial materialist said to a clergyman, "Christianity has been here for nearly 2,000 years, and just look at the state of the world." "Yes," said the clergyman gently, "water has been in the world millions of years, and just look at the state of your neck."

## Flights of Fancy



She's strictly a Junior Mess.—*Mau-reen Daly.*

Her eyes scurried, nibbling along the page.—*Clare Jaynes.*

Faith is not donned in panic like a lifebelt.—*Margaret Lee Runbeck.*

Rare as the 50th anniversary of a movie couple.—*M. Molitor.*

I'd like to buy him for what I think of him, and sell him for what he thinks of himself.—*Fibber McGee.*

Long as an old man's prayer.—*Irv-ing Dart Tressler.*

Steve retreated into a hurt silence which he hoped she could hear.—*B. J. Chute.*

When better records are made somebody will break them.—*Thesaurus of Humor.*

The strained intimacy of a crowded elevator.—From Spalding and Carney's *Love at First Flight.*

[Readers are asked to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



# Thousands Call Him Dad

By EUGENIE GLUCKERT

Yes, try it

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

**There had** been friction between the bandmaster and his boys. It ended in a flare-up and most of the boys walked out. Resulting disciplinary measures were stringent—dismissal from the band and suspension from their Scout troop. "Judge" Ralph J. Schoettle relaxed in the easy chair of his living room, patiently hearing each defendant.

The bandleader did not know boys as Schoettle did. The organization of 50 Boy Scout troops and years of boy-welfare work had provided him with plenty of experience in juvenile psychology.

"Please, Mr. Schoettle," a lad said, "it's this way. The bandmaster sends me home to practice clarinet. I do as he says but the blowing starts me coughing. It always does. My family think I'm getting a cold so they give me castor oil. If I practice, I get castor oil; and if I don't, I get heck from him, right in front of all the other fellows."

Schoettle looked across the room. The boys were in dead earnest. With admirable control he preserved a serious mien.

He put before them the gripes of the harassed bandmaster. They were silent. When he had done he weighed the case and let it go at that. The Judge handed down no decision. Instead, he passed out popcorn and candy, advising the culprits to think things over.

They returned in five days, "We'd like to be reinstated," said the spokesman. "Guess we've been a bit rough on the fellow. Sure, we know we gotta apologize to him. But gee, suppose even then he won't take us back! We sorta thought, Mr. Schoettle, since you're such a good guy—well, maybe you'd see him first and smooth the way for us." For more than a quarter of a century Ralph J. Schoettle has been doing just that: smoothing the way for boys to sound manhood.

A semi-invalid most of his life, he was denied marriage and children of his own. But it has not prevented him from magnanimously opening his heart and his purse to the whole wide world of boys.

Ralph J. was one of seven children. His father, a wealthy immigrant, came to Philadelphia in the early 50's and in 1861 founded a series of paper-box factories in which three generations of Schoettles have since made their living.

Because of ill health Ralph had rather an intermittent education. After a brief sojourn at LaSalle College and Fordham Prep he went into one of his father's factories and worked himself up to manager.

The factory brought him in contact with the poor. For the first time he began to realize the tremendous obstacles underprivileged boys had to over-

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, 10, Ohio, July, 1944.

come. He volunteered his service in several local boy-welfare organizations.

Then in 1910 William Boyce brought Lord Baden Powell's Boy Scout movement to America. This nonsectarian, nonpolitical organization, designed to train boys in character, health, and citizenship, strongly attracted Schoettle. He worked tirelessly at it. Scouting allied him with fellow leaders from all walks of life. A number were Protestant ministers. Their zeal greatly impressed him. They helped him organize neighborhood troops in which all creeds were welcomed, Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. Their neighborliness and wholehearted cooperation proved so edifying, it started Schoettle thinking. Was it not time Catholics had troops of their own?

But the Catholic clergy were cautious; the movement was still too new. Schoettle was far ahead of his time. It proved uphill work; rebuffs and difficulties faced him at every turn, but he persisted. Finally, in 1918, he succeeded in organizing the first Catholic Boy Scout troop in Philadelphia: troop 207 of St. Vincent's parish, Germantown. One by one he interested other parishes until today he has 28 Catholic troops in and around the city to his credit and as many more in New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. And indirectly he is responsible for the organization of yet as many others in New York, Washington, Georgia, and Florida. And, best of all, Schoettle won the hearty approval of Cardinal Dougherty and Bishop Lamb of Philadelphia and the support of the Catholic clergy everywhere. He

has seen the number of Catholic troops increase to a national total of 4,300.

He likes to recall his early struggles with the boys. Take that bunch whose rector had given them a room in the school basement. Inside of two months the room was a shambles.

"We had to nail things down," relates Schoettle. "And a bar of candy wasn't safe even on your person. But in less than six months those kids were bringing me candy."

"As a final gesture, at the end of the season I took 85 of those youngsters on the streetcars to Valley Forge. In the early stages that would have been tantamount to inciting riot. But a season of Scouting had changed those young hoodlums into gentlemen. They proved a credit to their leaders and to their parish."

You mention something about miracles, and Schoettle hastily heads you off.

"No, indeed," he begins. "It is quite logical. All boys have a gang instinct, a hideout yen. A Scout troop is the perfect answer. All normal boys have unbounded energy. Left unguided, these exuberances will unleash themselves in ways not always conducive to public property or adult nerves. Under proper supervision, boy instincts for activity and thrills can become a medium of power. Scouting provides them with active knowledge of useful things, wonders of nature, the thrill of outdoors. It gives them participation in competitive sports. It solves the problem."

In 1919, Mr. Schoettle was appoint-

ed deputy Scout commissioner of Philadelphia. He held the post seven years. In 1932, the Catholic Committee on Scouting, National Council, New York, seeking to widen the sphere of Schoettl's activities, appointed him special national field Scout commissioner, to work in 12 Boy Scout councils in four states.

A few years ago Catholic Scouting was spiritualized. Under leadership of Bishop Kelly of Oklahoma, head of the Catholic Committee on Scouting, yearly retreats, monthly Communion Masses and other religious activities were popularized. In token of Catholic Scouting's esteem, Bishop Kelly presented Schoettl with a permanent invitation to attend its bishops' meetings. Schoettl is the only layman ever invited to sit in on those annual gatherings.

Scouting, although playing a major role in the Schoettl career, is only one of his many interests in behalf of boys. For more than 20 years he has served as a member of the board of managers of the Catholic Youth Association. For 11 years he was on the board of managers of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Philadelphia. He served in a similar capacity at Gonzaga Orphan Home, Germantown, and in many other ways helped that institution. In 1930 Schoettl helped found Boys' Pals of Philadelphia, Inc., a nonsectarian, volunteer boy-welfare agency, and he has been president since its founding. In 1933, he was awarded an honorary LL.D degree by LaSalle College in recognition of his many years of boys' service.

The honors conferred upon him have been numerous, but the outstanding honor came in 1943. In a surprise feature of Scouting's 33rd-birthday celebration held in Philadelphia, Father John G. Fallon, the diocesan spiritual director of Catholic Boy Scouts and director of Philadelphia's Catholic Youth Association, presented Mr. Schoettl with the *Ad Altare Dei* cross, rarely awarded to an adult. Usually it is given to a Scout who has served 200 hours or more as an altar boy.

Schoettl was chosen both as a tribute to his 25 years of service in behalf of Catholic Scouting and because of the interest he has shown in promoting priestly vocations. Four Catholic Scout troops personally sponsored by Ralph Schoettl now boast the magnificent total of 24 priests and 15 seminarians.

Those troops always attend the first Mass of their former members. After evening Benediction and an individual blessing, the boys adjourn to Scout quarters, where a celebration is held in honor of the newly ordained one-time Scout.

Schoettl has put at least a dozen boys through college. And he has sponsored countless numbers of seminarians. The funds always come out of his own pocket. He shows a fine disregard for creed or color. Worthiness is all he asks of any youth. Several years ago he put the orphaned son of a minister through medical school. For two summers he sent four Paulist seminarians to Johns Hopkins.

A number of years ago on a busy downtown Philadelphia street a little

Italian shouted his headlines. One day Schoettle inquired, "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Came the prompt reply, "A priest, sir."

Today one of Schoettle's best friends is a Josephite missionary, none other than the former newsboy. But that isn't half the story. During his seminary days the lad was suddenly stricken deaf. Things looked black. Priesthood became remote. Bad news travels fast, and Schoettle heard of the tragedy.

Father B. completes the story. "You know what Ralph Schoettle did? He sent me to the best specialist in town, and paid all my expenses. An operation partially restored my hearing. With the aid of a hearing device I was good as new. By the grace of God and Ralph Schoettle I am a priest today."

Wherever he goes Schoettle bumps into his former boys. Not long ago he was stopped on the street by a lad in khaki.

"Mr. Schoettle," beamed the young major, "you don't remember me, but—well, you haven't changed a bit. Twenty years ago, sir, you did me a good turn and I've never forgotten. We had just received our Scout uniforms and were trying them on. When I got my hat it fitted like a derby on a broomstick. You saw the tears welling up in

my eyes. Quickly your hand went into your pocket and then before I knew it you were pressing something into mine. 'Take it and buy yourself one that fits.' That's what you said, sir, and I've never forgotten."

Hundreds of Mr. Schoettle's former boys are now in service. Their letters, from all parts of the globe, keep the Schoettle mailbox well stocked.

He was confined to his bed during the last Christmas season, so his boys came one by one to share their celebrations with him. And on Christmas Eve some 25 Scouts who were also members of Holy Cross choir hiked several wintry miles in the dead of night to carol beneath Schoettle's window.

The incident put him in a reflective mood, "Boys are such a receptive, appreciative lot," he said. "Do you wonder I want to work with them? Only two out of the thousands I've known have ever gone wrong. And that wasn't their fault; they came from broken homes and worthless parents."

Sometimes Schoettle wonders why there is so much talk about juvenile delinquency today. "It seems to me," he says, "that in most cases the boys are not to blame. If they have someone to look after them, you can be certain they are not going to get into mischief. If you don't believe this, try it."



The tragedy of the modern world is that so many deny sin. Never before in the history of the world was there so much evil, and never before was there so little consciousness of it.

Fulton J. Sheen in a radio address.

# What Masonry Is

Fact and circumstance

By MATTHEW J. W. SMITH

Condensed from his column\*

**To deal** with the question of Catholic and Masonic relations is ticklish, but a calm discussion is advisable every now and then. We have heard of converts to the Church, former Masons, who were puzzled over the condemnation of the movement by the popes. We have even had letters, in our long editorial career, from priests who, though in no sense disloyal to the Church, obviously thought the "craft" was simply another fraternal society. We give only one answer to such suggestions: these good people have done little reading on the subject. As Americans we all ought to try to get along well, and we should be determined to give every fellow citizen his complete social, economic, and civic rights. But we need not sacrifice our own principles to do this. Whether a few realize it or not, we would sacrifice religious essentials if the ban were lifted against Masonry.

It is possible, of course, for Catholics and Masons to get along nicely together in their business, social, and political relations. On the other hand, every large society, including the Catholic Church and the Masonic Order, has a life of its own that rises above the individual and that tremendously affects the world at large. A Catholic cannot be a Mason and remain a Catholic. A Mason cannot come into the Catholic Church and remain a Mason.

The reason is quite simple: 1. The underlying philosophies of the two movements are completely dissimilar. 2. Masonry, in its broad sense, is not merely a fraternity but a religion, even though willing to admit members of other religions. 3. Masonry has frequently been found in organized active opposition to Catholicity, in spite of the fact that individual Masons and individual Catholics often get along splendidly together. 4. The nature of the oath demanded of Masons is so secretive as to be incompatible with Catholic moral teaching, which does not allow blind obedience of this sort. There are other grave reasons, too, which can be gleaned from the copious Catholic literature on the subject, particularly papal documents.

It is true that the Masonic craft, generally speaking, would not bar a Catholic from membership; but this means little, for the conditions of membership are such that a well-instructed Catholic could not accept them.

The *Square and Compass* speaks of an eight-centuries-old crusade of the Church against the society. The crusade could hardly be eight centuries old, for the Masonic movement did not rise until after the middle of the 17th century and attempts to link it up with the ancient world are sheer nonsense that no one with a pretence to scholar-

\*Listening In, in the Register, 938 Bannock St., Denver, Colo. June 25, 1944.



ship believes. There is only the most tenuous connection between so-called speculative Masonry of today and the operative masonry of medieval times, to say nothing of ancient centuries.

Builders' guilds were among the most powerful of the medieval guilds and possessed many trade secrets. The knowledge of mechanics and mathematics was not so extensive then as now in western Europe, but the art of architecture was well developed, as the magnificent cathedrals and other medieval buildings prove. It was acquired to no small extent by experiment and then handed down in the guilds, which were conspicuous for developing individual skill. Medieval guilds were extraordinary organizations, which not only taught crafts to boys they admitted as apprentices, but protected the economic status of their members, and did as effective a job in the latter as the modern labor unions, if we consider the problems of the times. But the master who taught an apprentice was as responsible for the moral as for the professional training of the youth and spiritual interests held as important a place in guild life as temporal ones. (That there was not occasional friction among some individuals, it would be difficult to prove; for human nature is human nature.) That priests were at enmity with the craft because the medieval masons possessed a kind of knowledge (geometry, engineering, etc.), "which the Church has forbidden," is, to put it mildly, pretty quaint. This is the first time we ever heard of it if the Catholic Church, in time past or today, has

forbidden geometry and engineering!

Operative masonry guilds survived in England after the Reformation, but necessarily changed considerably. With their Catholic basis cut away, naturally they were not the same, and when so-called speculative Masonry was invented, and built itself on what was left of the English operative masons' guilds, there was no real connection with the masons' guilds of medieval Europe. To hold otherwise would be like asserting that Mormonism is a development from the Catholic Church because the Protestants who became Mormons had Catholic ancestors.

The Freemasons of London (called "free" because of certain legal privileges their guild had possessed from medieval times) had broken away from their craft aloofness when they admitted members of a sect called the Rosicrucians, apparently a secret society partly of Jewish origin. About 1723, two men, James Anderson, a Scotch Presbyterian preacher, and John T. Desaguliers, a Huguenot refugee who also became a minister, drew up constitutions and ritual that to this day are the groundwork of Freemasonry the world over.

Traces of the old operative masonic guild constitution, such as the different grades of membership (apprentice, associate or companions, masters) are in Anderson's work, but the Catholic soul of the old constitution was completely removed. Despite the preservation of some Christian symbols and occasional official attendance by some branches at Protestant services, Masonry is not

Christian. The old operative masonic constitution had read: "Be true to God and Holy Church and use no error or heresy." Anderson substituted a rule that the members were "obliged to follow the religion in which all men agree, leaving the particular opinion to themselves, that is, to be good men and true, or men of honor and honesty, by whatever denominations or persuasions they may be distinguished . . . being as Masons only of the catholic religion above mentioned" (the term *catholic* here should not be confused with *Catholic*).

In other words, a vague generalized knowledge of religion gathered by reason alone was to be the basis of the craft, a thesis one finds well developed in various statements in the all-important *Morals and Dogma* of the Masonic authority, Albert Pike. This book is published and copyrighted by the Supreme Council, 33rd degree, Southern jurisdiction of Scottish-rite Masonry, U.S.A., and there is no question of its authenticity. It is "specially intended to be read and studied by the brethren." On page 29, we find the Catholic doctrine of infallibility attacked ("No man or body of men can be infallible"); on page 28, Catholicism, it is said, was a vital truth in its earliest ages, but it became obsolete, and Protestantism arose, flourished, and deteriorated (the statement is made that those are to be pitied who remain content with a Gospel when others have a higher one, presumably the Masonic); on page 102, the personality of Satan is denied and he is declared merely a force; on page 105, it is said that "the teachers, even

of Christianity, are, in general, the most ignorant of the true meaning of what they teach. There is no book of which so little is known as the Bible." And so on.

The Masonic Order is responsible, in no small part, for the spirit of secularism abroad in the world today. As Thomas Woodlock has shown in recent Catholic Hour talks, there never was a period before when an attempt was made to relegate religion altogether from a place of importance. The Order is also chiefly responsible for the lack of religious teaching in the public schools, a fact not in accord with the founders of American public education. In these two facts the craft is consistent with Anderson's attempt to put men on a level of one religion in which divine revelation is eliminated, a desire fundamental with Albert Pike.

It should be possible to understand from this why a Catholic cannot be a Mason. "One faith, one Lord, one Baptism," was demanded by St. Paul. "He that believeth not shall be condemned," was the statement of Jesus Christ. That "without faith it is impossible to please God" is the forthright declaration of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The Catholic Church is necessarily a Church of dogmas, of revealed truth, which men must accept if they wish to please God. We cannot make religious peace by denying revelation. Neither, we can be quite sure, can our present civilization long endure without revelation. Faith means the acceptance of divine revelation on the authority of God revealing.

Masons are being told in their pub-

lications that the attack on Masonry in totalitarian countries was Catholic in origin. They know better. It was attacked because it is a strong political power. Likewise, to its credit, its fundamental philosophy has scant use for political autocrats, even though sometimes the craft deigns to use them temporarily for its own purposes. The fascist totalitarians got rid of it, as they tried to curb the Catholic Church, because they could not force it into line. But of course it merely went into its own type of catacombs. And we have seen the society emerge as totalitarians have withdrawn. Mussolini was not a Catholic; Hitler is an ex-Catholic who never received his First Communion; Franco dislikes Masonry because it has been an open revolutionary body in Spain and obedient to non-Spanish direction. These men's reasons were political, not religious. It is well to state here, however, as is obvious from papal documents and from the Code of Canon Law, that one of the reasons for Catholic opposition to Masonry has been its tendency to plot against civil government. This tendency has not been shown in the U.S., but it has, many times, in Europe and Latin America.

We have always felt, as a result of a study of Masonry, in unquestioned books, that the craft wished a wholly secularist view of civilization. This, of course, is its long-range program. There is no bolshevist crudity in the Masonic move toward secularism. But the plan exists, and it forges ahead. From the time of the French Revolution down, Masonry has often been

seriously mixed in attempts to dislodge the Catholic Church. It fought our parish schools openly in Oregon, Oklahoma, and California in the writer's own editorial memory. It attempted to outlaw them in the two former states and refused to have unjust taxes against them lifted in California. The Southern jurisdiction of the Scottish rite frankly advocates that there be only public schools. On the other hand, in all fairness, we confess that countless individual Masons in legislative and executive positions have often waged battles for justice to their Catholic fellow citizens. We get along together quite well as a rule.

Will the prohibition to Catholics to join the craft ever be lifted? It cannot be. One cannot be a Catholic and a Mason, any more than one can be a Catholic and a Mohammedan, or a Catholic and a Protestant. There is no question here of a mere fraternal Order, but of a movement that has distinct religious ideas of its own, opposed to revealed religion, especially to authoritative teaching. The fact that occasional members, usually in the lower degrees, do not recognize the sectarian character of Masonry does not change the situation.

For the Catholic Church to lift its ban, Masonry would have to rewrite its philosophy. Meanwhile, during the last two centuries, at least ten different popes have directly anathematized the society's teachings, and canon 2335 of the Code of Canon Law decrees excommunication from the Church for membership in the Order.

# Open House in Wartime

The real McCoy

By MARY E. McLAUGHLIN

Condensed from the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*\*

The NCCS-USO service club opposite St. Patrick's cathedral in New York City is now world famous. Simply as a volunteer worker (two nights a week) since faraway remote pre-Pearl Harbor summer of 1941, I should like to relate a few of my experiences along religious and cultural lines with the men and women in our armed forces. Our club stimulates confidences and provides experiences that could never possibly be duplicated in, for example, the famous and hospitable Stage Door Canteen or other similar clubs. Perhaps the crucifix in the vestibule, flanked by both the American and the papal flags, puts the boys into a different mood, so that something more than their physical and recreational needs finds a receptive outlet.

The men particularly haunt our cathedral; and in its heyday of summer tourists Notre Dame in Paris could never have had the visitors who are now taking memories of St. Patrick's back to their homes, in our own country and on other continents. Announcement of our club and of the cathedral canteen is made every Sunday. At all the late crowded Masses, the men and women in uniform (many having come from breakfast contributed by the New York Knights of Columbus) may occupy the sanctuary, and it is interesting to watch their keen observance of the

priest and their seeming pleasure at the proximity of the Blessed Sacrament. On the day of the Forty Hours procession our canopy was borne by a soldier, a sailor, a marine and a coast guard. I encounter these men at all hours, meditating or saying their beads, far less concerned with the three cardinal's hats suspended in the sanctuary than are many civilian visitors.

If a man's buddy is a non-Catholic he is left to sit quietly, to absorb whatever grace the Blessed Sacrament may choose to bestow on its courteous visitor or to absorb some of the externals of Catholic worship. One Sunday after the Archbishop had pontificated, and the sermon, music and other incidentals of the Mass had been superb, I overheard one young officer say to his companion just outside the church, "So, now what have you got to say?"

"Well," said his companion, shaking his head slowly, "that sure was the real McCoy."

For a while we had as visitor at the NCCS a young English sailor. Little Peter looked 14, but he was really past 16, and he delighted in washing the dishes for one of the young goddesses of the canteen whom he adored. He had come from a tiny English village where the liturgical movement had been well developed, and he discussed the dialogue Mass with an expert Mt.

\*194 E. 76th St., New York City, 21. July, 1944.

St. Vincent girl who wields a mean liturgical ax herself. Little Peter comes no longer: his convoy was sunk; but his mother wrote to say how much consolation his family had received from his pleasure with us.

An Italian-American soldier from Chicago came in. It had been his first day in New York City; and the thing he wished to and did do first was to visit the shrine of Mother Cabrini.

One Saturday two Australian flyers were in. They pussyfooted around my desk a few moments, anxious to discuss something. Finally they asked me if I knew the church of St. Mary the Virgin, which is high-church Episcopal. Believing them Anglicans, I started to tell them how they could reach it easily. "But we've already been," they announced. They had gone to confession there that afternoon and, when the absolution was in English, wondered if the church were Catholic or if that were just a queer American custom! They were more amused than annoyed at their mistake; but before dancing they went over to the cathedral where they knew the priests really had power to forgive sin.

Another Saturday I was giving the Mass schedule to a soldier who had been unable to get to Mass frequently. With a quite unintentional look of superiority at my benighted sex, he bluntly told me that no one, except the priest, misses or appreciates Mass and Holy Communion as much as the young men who have been altar boys, accustomed to serve Mass daily. There was not much for me to say to that.

Another boy, from the Midwest, with a Polish name, almost cried when he learned he had missed by but a few days the concelebration of the Mass in one of the Oriental rites held at the cathedral for the past two years.

Following the purchase of a very special shirt for a soldier (what though my entire adult life has been passed in a manless family), my next commission was for a *Short Breviary for Laymen*. I wanted to make sure of the title and I timidly suggested that perhaps a missal was intended. Now this soldier was a very well-bred gentleman (many, of course, are just fine rough-necks), and from his patience with me I might as well have suggested some A B C blocks as to have intimated that he had attained his ripe old age of 23 years without a good missal. I located the exact breviary he needed and he is now happy.

A SPAR stopped in one evening and asked if our library had any books by, or on, Newman which we might lend her. She said she was starving for some Catholic reading matter. Only a few minutes earlier a woman had stopped in with a bundle of CATHOLIC DIGESTS, *Signs, Sentinels of the Blessed Sacrament*, and *Holy Name Journal*, and they were still on my desk unfilled. When we told her she might have all of them, she was delighted.

We display free copies of the *Leaflet Missal*. One Saturday two soldiers asked all about it—was it used; did we give it away, etc. After getting me all enthusiastic they laughed and told me they were from St. Paul, Minn., and



were just checking up on the old hometown enterprises! We were glad of their interest, and they of ours.

Both the present and the former club chaplains are very handsome gentlemen (which never hurts) and a lad will leave the ping-pong table, the canteen or the dance floor to go to confession, and will then come back and remark, "That priest sure is a swell guy. Fugitive from Hollywood, too."

Three interesting Englishmen once appeared in their desert fighting togs. One only was Catholic, but he was very well-informed, and he seemed to know all the intellectuals who recently entered the Church in England. His two companions were musical and one particularly wanted above all things to hear the great organ at the cathedral. It was just before the first Sunday of Advent and I explained that the organ would be silent and the service very long because of the Forty Hours devotions. That did not daunt them as they loved ritual, and they seemed to hope the organist might forget to keep his instrument quiet!

At Christmas another music-starved soldier played our organ for almost a whole day without stopping once. Our Christmas celebrations are the most beautiful of the year, for not only have we one of the largest trees obtainable, with hundreds of gifts for the men, but as a Catholic house we have a beautiful crib, giving meaning to the Christmas carols.

A sailor recently asked me, as many men do, if we have midnight Mass. Unfortunately, except at Christmas, we

do not have midnight Mass in New York City. This man then wanted to know the earliest hour at which he could attend Mass. We got him a 12:45 Mass way downtown, from which he was to rush up in the subway to the Franciscan church for the 2:30 Mass and for whatever other Masses might quickly follow. He told me he had not been able to get to Mass for some time previous, that he would not be here for the special 3 P.M. Mass for men and women in service, but that he wanted to get in all the Masses he possibly could. He gets the fellows to say the Rosary when they have no Mass.

A soldier on furlough asked for the nearest Passionist retreat house and was referred to Jamaica. A Filipino, based in New England, has a card to the Passionist retreat house in Brighton, Mass. A corporal in Orlando, Fla., requests us to continue sending the *Catholic World*; and a hardened 17-year-old sinner, a mobile amphibian, wrote us on Good Friday: "Just back from church—stations and everything. Guess I'll make a general confession. Swell chaplain—Carmelite."

We have, of course, many romances: between Catholics; Catholics and non-Catholics; and non-Catholics, whom we are sometimes able to help when they are strangers or are pressed for time. We have conversions and returns to the Church, but that is the domain of the chaplain or the full-time staff. I attended the private confirmation of a coast guard from Wisconsin, a convert, who considered himself a cathedral parishioner because he

said he had actually received more "first" sacraments in St. Patrick's than many now residing in this metropolitan parish.

Our Mother's Day reminder to the boys was not to "say it with flowers"; a card reproducing one of the Madonnas of the Kress collection provided space for the sender to indicate he had received Communion for mother.

Nor is the intellectual life suppressed. On Christmas Eve a man showed me a copy of Gilson which he had just received because of his interest in philosophy. While it is true that the name bands and the more ordinary broadcasts are the most popular when the men request broadcast tickets, I remember one serviceman who grew almost delirious when we were able to give him a ticket to a symphony in Carnegie Hall, conducted by Toscanini, whom he had never dared hope to behold in person. One other private, from the mountains, had never been to a play, only movies. We were able to give this lad a ticket for *The Corn Is Green* with Ethel Barrymore; he was positively ecstatic when he rushed back to tell us about it. A Polish aviator, in one evening on his second day in the city, had already seen Paul Robeson in

*Othello*, had been to the Frick gallery, and wanted to know what were the next best things to visit. Three college-student corporals wanted to visit the second-hand bookshops.

When we have our annual Communion breakfast, all service men are invited to the Mass and breakfast and many go with the rest of us to Communion.

The club has volunteer instructors in French, Spanish and higher mathematics. When French ships suddenly arrive, we have signs printed in French throughout the house, and we have girl translators for the sailors, not to mention a French-speaking priest. For the last two years those men talented with brush or pen have had a sidewalk exhibit, for the best of which prizes were awarded. John Galsworthy's *The Apple Tree* was the bond of congeniality between a New Yorker, now patrolling the seas, and the writer; and a Wisconsin sergeant usually will recite some lines of verse as he says good night at the desk. A private who loves antiques was enchanted at my suggestion that he visit the American wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Hundreds find the Planetarium and love it.



An Englishman, a Frenchman and an American were talking nationalities. Said the Englishman, "If I weren't English, I'd rather be French than any other nationality." The Frenchman, not to be surpassed in courtesy, said that if he weren't French, he would prefer to be English. Both looked at the American. "Gentlemen," he said, "if I weren't an American, I'd rather be one."

Hyacinth Blocker, O.F.M., in the *St. Anthony Messenger* (July, '44).

# Ukrainian Catholics

Branch of the Vine

By BISHOP AMBROSE SENYSHYN, O.S.B.M.

Condensed from the *Notre Damean*\*

Bishop Senyshyn is Titular Bishop of Maina, and auxiliary of the Ukrainian Catholic diocese of the U. S., of which the Most Rev. Constantine Bochachevsky, Titular Bishop of Amisus, is Exarch.

The differences in the worship of God, such as are found in church architecture, language, vestments and customs, constitute the so-called rites which flourish in the Catholic Church. All the Catholic rites are modifications of the five parent rites of Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Constantinople. Today there are 21 rites in the Catholic Church, 18 of which are Eastern: Coptic, Ethiopian, Malankarese, Maronite, Pure-Syrian, Armenian, Chaldean, Malabar, and Byzantine, the Byzantine being the basis of ten other rites which are like twigs to a branch—Bulgarian, Georgian, Greek or Hellenic, Italo-Greek or Albanian, Melchite, Russian, Carpatho-Ruthenian, Rumanian, Hungarian and Ukrainian. The native land of those Catholics is the Near East, and includes Asiatic, African and European countries. With the migration of Eastern-rite Catholics to America many of their rites were established in the U. S.; the largest group of the Byzantine-rite Catholics here are Ukrainians.

The Ukrainians are of the Caucasian race and belong to the family of Slavs. Their native land is the Ukraine, in the

southeastern part of Europe; the population is over 45 million. They have a rich history, their own language, literature, customs, and traditions. During the Middle Ages, the Ukraine was a powerful state, but the constant attacks of Tartars, Turks and other nations almost ruined it; from then on it has always been in a state of subjugation with only short periods of independence.

The nation, as a whole, became Christian in 988 through the efforts of Vladimir, prince of Kiev. Since he had married the sister of the Greek emperor of Constantinople, it was natural that Vladimir should seek help from the priests of the Imperial City in spreading the Gospel to his countrymen. Thus it came about that the Byzantine rite was brought to the Ukrainians. The use of this rite was somewhat modified by the fact that it used the Slavonic language as translated from the Greek by Sts. Cyril and Methodius.

Shortly after the Ukrainian Church had been organized with a hierarchy dependent upon the patriarch of Constantinople, the unfortunate schism of 1054 arose to split the East and West. At first the Ukrainians remained in union with the Apostolic See at Rome; but as time went on, political pressure precipitated a break with the pope. The

\**Notre Dame Seminary, 2901 Carrollton Ave., New Orleans, 18, La. May, 1944.*

four successive centuries of history consisted of alternate periods of union with and separation from the Holy See. In 1595, a change for the better occurred when a good number of Ukrainian bishops and priests, together with large groups of laity, entered into a pact of union with the Apostolic See, with their liturgy intact, their customs and ecclesiastical discipline preserved, and their faith in all particulars the same as that of the Church universal. In the years following, the Ukrainian Church produced two ecclesiastical heroes of its own: Joseph Rutsky, the organizer and promoter of Church unity; and St. Josaphat, martyred by dissidents, canonized by Pope Pius IX and honored by all Catholics.

Over 250,000 Ukrainian Catholics live in the U. S. There has been a long struggle to remain true to their faith and rite. But the Holy See has made every effort to help them lead a normal Catholic life according to their proper discipline and customs. Over 30 years ago they were given a bishop of their own. They have a well-organized diocese with the bishop's seat in Philadelphia, presided over at present by Bishop Constantine Bochachevsky, who is in charge of all Ukrainian Catholic parishes in the country without regard to their location. He is assisted by an auxiliary bishop in diocesan affairs. One hundred fourteen priests render service to 150 churches. Nuns of three Orders teach children in 89 parochial schools, and supervise two orphanages, a girls' academy, and a home for the aged. The Ukrainians have their own

seminaries in Stamford, Conn., and Washington, D.C. Missionary work is conducted by the Basilian and Redemptorist Fathers.

The most common form of church building used by Ukrainians is a long building with several towers, often of a bulbous shape. The building is divided into three parts: the narthex or vestibule; the nave or middle, wherein the faithful gather to participate in the worship of God; and the sanctuary, which is always to the east. Separating the sanctuary from the nave is a great picture-screen, the eikonostasis, which almost reaches the ceiling and upon which are ikons of our Lord, our Lady, and saints and angels. At all important parts of the Liturgy, three doors in the screen are opened to disclose the priest at the altar. The altar is usually a solid, square stone, covered with a linen cloth, and never against a wall. To the north of the altar is a sacristy and behind it seats for the clergy.

To celebrate the holy Liturgy, or Mass, the priest first puts on over his cassock the sticharion or alb, which is a long shirt of white linen or silk, embroidered or lace-trimmed. Over that he places his epitachelion, or stole, which is worn around the neck; it hangs down in front nearly to the feet and is joined in the front. His zone or girdle, which serves much like a belt, is put over the epitachelion and sticharion. Over the wrists he places the epiminikia, or cuffs, and they cover the ends of the sticharion sleeves. The felonion, or chasuble, is a great sleeveless vestment, is short in the front, has

an opening for the head, and is put on over all the other vestments.

The chalice occupies the first place among the sacred vessels. The diskos or paten, which is a small shallow plate of precious metal, is another important vessel. The asterikos, of two curved bands of silver or gold which cross each other at right angles, forming a double arch, is next in importance. It serves to cover the particles of the blessed bread so as to prevent the veil from disturbing the bread. The asterikos is usually surmounted by a cross and often has a tiny star, symbolical of the Christmas star, which is suspended from the central junction. The spoon, which is peculiar to the Eastern rites, is used in giving Holy Communion to the faithful. The holy lance is a long metal knife used for the cutting up of the blessed bread also known as *prosphora*.

In attending a Byzantine service in a Ukrainian church one finds that the sign of the cross is used by the people frequently, at every more solemn moment of the service. In addition, it is made rather differently than the Latin one. Those Catholics join the thumb, index and middle fingers at the tips and touch the forehead, breast, *right* and *left* shoulders with these fingers while the other two, the ring and little fingers, are kept joined against the palm of the hand. The three fingers joined are symbolic of the Blessed Trinity, whereas the other two symbolize the two natures of Christ united in His one divine Person.

Another custom which must appear

strange to Latin Catholics is the profound bow which is used instead of a genuflection. The deep bow, to which a beautiful gesture with the right hand is added, and accompanied with the sign of the cross, is made to the crucifix and images of the saints.

A custom which is more prevalent than among Latins is congregational singing. In this country, Ukrainians memorize the services, sing the antiphons, responses and hymns with great piety and ability, and harmonize the chants with skill.

All Eastern Catholics stand much more than Latins do. In fact, in the East itself there are no benches in the churches, and thus the situation is more similar to the customs of the first Christians.

Incense is used much more extensively than in the Latin rite. The Blessed Sacrament is incensed in adoration; the altar and ikons in veneration; but the priest and people are incensed as a sanctification.

The non-Byzantine Orientals usually administer the sacraments by using the Roman formulae translated into their own liturgical languages. However, the Ukrainians of Byzantine rite usually keep their own ancient formulae.

The priests customarily confer Confirmation immediately after Baptism. The wedding ceremony consists of special litanies, Epistle, Gospel, Alleluia chant, and prayers for the contracting parties. The couple are crowned with ritually blessed crowns during the ceremony.



The rite of Holy Orders is impressive. The candidate kneels at the altar while the bishop imposes hands on his head and sings eloquent prayers of ordination. Then the new priest is vested in the various vestments with the accompaniment of the singing of "Axios," which means, "He is worthy."

Confessions can be heard without the screen prescribed by Roman law. At absolution the priest puts the end of his stole on the penitent's head, and with his hand traces the sign of the cross of absolution on the stole. The penitent kisses the stole and the priest's hand.

The priest does not use a thin round piece of unfermented bread for the Host as does the Latin priest. He uses a square piece of bread made with yeast. A Ukrainian Catholic receives our Lord under both species, with his arms folded on his breast. The priest puts small particles of consecrated Bread into the chalice before Communion and gives each communicant a particle steeped in the Precious Blood, and administers It with the golden spoon.

Catholic Ukrainians (who are also known as "Ruthenian," especially in official matters), use mostly the divine Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom according to the Byzantine rite. It is the same Liturgy, though modified in some details, which Cyril and Methodius transplanted from Constantinople to the Slavic lands. The divine Liturgy is comprised of three parts: the Preparation, Mass of the Catechumens, and Mass of the Faithful.

The first part is performed by a priest at the prothesis, a small altar on the left side of the main altar; there, with proper prayers he prepares the bread and wine for consecration.

The Mass of the Catechumens gets its name from the early days when there were catechumens; it is opened by the priest with the incensing of the altar and people. The priest starts the Liturgy with an exclamation of adoration for the Blessed Trinity. An ektenian, or litany of peace, composed of short prayers recited by the priest and to which the choir or people respond with "God have mercy," follows. After it come three antiphons which the choir recites and into which little litanies are inserted. Concluding the second antiphon is the Doxology and hymn of the Incarnation. During the third antiphon in high Mass, the Minor Entry or Little Entrance is performed.

This is the culminating point of the Mass of the Catechumens; it resembles the Introit of the Latin Mass. The acolytes, bearing lighted candles, and the priest bearing the Gospel, go around the altar in solemn procession. Then the Troparia, or Collects of the day, are sung. Following this, the Trisagion, or "thrice-holy" hymn, is sung by the choir; the Epistle is recited; the altar and people incensed to the accompaniment of the song *Alleluia*; and the Gospel is read. Usually a sermon follows the Gospel reading.

After it the Impetrative Litany occurs. This litany embraces prayers for all classes of society, for the civil and

religious hierarchy, for the living and dead. This part of the Liturgy is closed with the Litany of the Catechumens, which is composed of prayers only for the catechumens. In the olden days, at the close of that litany, the catechumens were asked to depart.

The Mass of the Faithful is divided into three main parts. They are the Preparatory of the Sacrifice, the Offertorium and Holy Communion. The Preparatory of the Sacrifice includes two small ektenias, or litanies, the song of the Cherubicon, the Great Entrance, the Litany of Supplication, and the Creed.

After the dismissal of the catechumens, the choir sings the Cherubicon hymn, which is a chant of remote preparation for the Consecration. As it is being sung the priest prays inaudibly with extended arms, incenses the altar and people, goes to the prothesis and then begins the Great Entrance. This is a solemn procession around the altar, during which the chalice and the bread are carried by the priest, preceded by candle-bearing acolytes. A solemn commemoration of the pope, bishops, ecclesiastics and civil authorities and the faithful is pronounced by the celebrant. The choir closes the Cherubicon hymn as the chalice and diskos are laid upon the altar, and the Litany of Supplication follows. This, in turn, is followed by the kiss of peace, and the recitation or singing of the Nicene Creed, which brings the Mass to the Offertorium.

With proper prayers, the priest prepares for the Consecration, ending

with the Sanctus. The words of consecration are solemnly pronounced and the choir sings praise to our Lord. A prayer for the Church's members, the Church militant, the Church suffering and Church triumphant, is then uttered. In this prayer, as in many parts of the Byzantine Liturgy, the blessed Virgin is commemorated. The Litany of Intercession is then chanted and the last part of the Mass begins.

The Lord's Prayer, with Doxology, is recited or sung by the choir or people in preparation for Holy Communion. The priest, having prepared for Holy Communion, lifts up the Host, saying, "Let us attend; holy Things for the holy." The Host is broken into four parts; the priest communicates himself, recites the Communion prayer, and distributes Communion to the faithful. A prayer and a hymn of thanksgiving and a short litany follow. Then the final blessing is given, with the priest's invocation that God may have mercy on us, save us, and bless us, as He is gracious and a Lover of mankind.

In spite of the surface differences, which seem great, fundamentally the Eastern and Western rites are the same, not only in the principal parts of the Mass, but also in entire structure and sequence. Besides the Liturgy, the Ukrainian Catholic priest recites the Divine Office, which corresponds to that of the Roman breviary: Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline.

Just as blossoms with their various colors, forms and characteristics, under

the influence of the sun, add to the beauty of nature, likewise have the converted nations, under the influence of Christ, made more beautiful the external appearance of His Church. Hence, unity of faith is required, not uniformity of rites. Pope Benedict XV

said: "We wish all should be Catholics, not that they should become Latin." It is necessary that every Catholic be guided by the precept which the Church has followed: "Unity in essentials, liberty in nonessentials, and charity in all things."



### What is Wrong with Spain?

The only serious complaint against Spain is that she used her rights as a neutral state to do what Russia is doing at this moment with Japan, and what we ourselves were doing before Pearl Harbor. We were the "arsenal of democracy," long before we went to war. Using our rights as a neutral nation, we sent all the war material overseas that we could get there. We did this voluntarily and enthusiastically because it was in accordance with our national feelings. Events have shown we were right; no one can say that we broke any international law. Spain, on the other hand, traded with Germany under threat of invasion. In this respect she was in the same position as Turkey and Sweden. The help that Spain has given to Germany is very distasteful to us, but if we had been in the position of Spain we would probably have had to do the same as Spain did. Forcing neutrals to do what we tell them is really tyrannical. Certainly there is no law for it. Spain in this respect is not the lawbreaker.

It is argued that Spain allowed volunteers to go to Russia to fight communism. What about ourselves? Our memory tells us that in every part of America not so long ago, even among those who by their religious beliefs are opposed to all war, great rallies were held to obtain recruits for the international brigades to fight for communism in Spain. We have not forgotten the so-called Lincoln Brigade? Has it become a sin to fight communism and a virtue to fight for it? That hot-headed youth in Spain should have volunteered to avenge the massacre of a million civilians in their country is not strange. If the dreadful things that the writer of this column saw in Spain had been committed here, millions would be clamoring for revenge.

Edward Hawks in the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times* (9 June '44).

# What To Tell the Neighbors

By the Editor

Tips for the troops

Condensed from *News From Belgium*\*

**When** the French tried to impress the North African Arabs with the marvels of modern machinery, airplanes and the like, the sons of the desert were unmoved. The sheiks just nodded politely and said, "Why do you spend your precious time inventing contraptions to amuse people? Life is too short for that."

Do not blame the Arabs for that lack of appreciation of our mechanical age: they dispense with the trimmings around things, they know that you can't change the three basic events of life: birth, love, and death. To a certain extent the people of Europe are also like that. A milkmaid in Normandy went on milking her cow while all around her Yanks and nazis were fighting in the meadow. A seven-year-old American girl, riding over a bridge, asked if it was riveted or welded; the Normandy milkmaid did not ask if the soldiers used bazookas or submachine guns, she went on about her usual business. If the Yanks tell her that the Empire State building is that high and that Al Smith sits on top of it smoking a big cigar, she will not be interested, but she will listen eagerly if she is told what the milkmaid in Montana does on Sunday afternoon.

One of the troubles with the world is that peoples do not know how to make conversation: as a rule they are

boastful. The French say, "We have the Eiffel tower." The English say, "We have the crown jewels in the tower." In Philadelphia they have the Liberty Bell, and in Antwerp they have a shoulder bone of the giant who once ruled the city. (It is a whale's bone, but that doesn't matter.) Every nation, every city seems to bring forward only those things which are exceptional and therefore not characteristic of its real existence, and the world is presented to us like a curiosity cabinet.

Some way should be found so that the Americans who will swarm over Europe might forget about skyscrapers, ships built in the wink of an eye, and airplanes that go faster than light and gossip. The Europeans should be told how America really lives.

They should know that the U. S. is an enormous but provincial country; that the *Penasco Valley News* reports not only world events but also informs its readers that Mrs. R. Waters has had her tonsils removed, that Esther Cartwright has the measles and Bobby Burns the mumps; that Joe Stillman was in town Tuesday selling hogs and that Lucius Hartford bought some flowery wallpaper to redecorate his house. They should be told that every well-to-do American family does not have a swimming pool, but that the youngsters go out to the old swimming

\*Belgian Information Center, 630 5th Ave., New York City. June 17, 1944.

hole and that every five years at least one of them gets drowned there.

They should hear about the American churches, not so much about the cathedrals as about the humble white wooden buildings with which every village is endowed. That in every one of those houses of worship there is an organist who plays an asthmatic organ while the dapper congregation remains consistently off key. That the pastor and the clergyman walk around in the village just like the curé, apparently idle and going nowhere in particular, but in fact navigating between the moral coral reefs of their flock and trying to improve whatever can be improved of our habits and morals. If possible, it should be withheld from them that New York policemen filing out of St. Patrick's walk down 5th Ave. preceded by a majorette chosen for her looks as well as her endurance, but if need be they can always be told that strange lands have strange customs.

They should be told about the American village, about the drugstore, the social rendezvous of youth, about that single soda which high-school youngsters sip with two straws and that becomes in their lives the equivalent of the cup Brangäne served Tristan and Isolde. They should know about the way the boy greets his girl friend when he takes her out the first time to a dance: that "Hi!" is a masterpiece of understatement which can express as many shades of sentiment as a Chinese syllable is apt to have meanings. They should know about the

pink and light blue dresses the girls wear. They should hear about the chaperons and about the good-night and thank-you-so-much kiss, a mere formality, a receipt and a conclusion. They must hear about the square dances in the barns, not about the acrobatic feats of the Savoy in Harlem, but about the honest swing-your-partner procedure where the partner hesitates a little when confronted with a bulky female.

They should know that not all trains in America are manned by lewd Pullman porters ready to strangle white girls in the lower berths, but that American trains look much like rolling maternity wards with uncounted thousands of babies who are going to meet their grandmas and grandpas; that in the stations, as everywhere else, soldiers will whistle at the girl in the window or imitate successfully an appreciative wolf call.

They should know that schoolteachers here, as there, look painfully neat and resigned; that pale and bespectacled (rimless, of course) assistant librarians will invariably wear flowery smocks which must prove to the world their tidiness, but also their permanent longing for beauty.

They must be informed that all Americans do not play jazz from 8 A.M. till 12 P.M., although there are some of this kind, but that on summer nights they sit, in silent, devout rapture, 30,000 of them, in open stadiums and listen to the noblest music man has written. They should be told that an American park is like a European



park, except for the presence of Mr. Baruch; that it is full of lovers, gentle old folks, children, ice-cream vendors, and benevolent cops.

They should be made to realize that not all Americans spend their time commuting from Hollywood to Washington, but that thousands of Italians in New York assert with pride that they lived and stayed 20 or 30 years "*in questo blocco*"; that they are not always chasing money, but that many of them stop working when they seem to have enough to subsist for a while and go out simply to enjoy that complete three-feature program the Declaration of Independence promised: life, liberty and a chance at happiness.

They should know that the great symbol of American democracy, the initial step on the road to felicity, the first comfort in all the so many dramas of life is that cup of coffee one offers to those who were rescued from the sea as well as to those who are saved from sin through the Salvation Army. Frenchmen will offer a glass of wine; it will look suspicious. Belgians will offer a glass of beer; it will be cool. Dutchmen will present tea; it will look like a dark and menacing brew: but no one will be able to understand without comment what the American cup of coffee means.

They should know about the small American town at night, about the strange howl of the train when it hurries west or east, about the poolroom that is a place of perdition, about the diner where the sleepy waitress keeps up a motherly conversation with the

soliloquizing drunk, about the lighted Christmas trees in front of the New England house in the countryside, about the farmer who comes to town with his skinny wife and a carload of kids and, with muffled curses, repairs a punctured tire before setting off for home.

They should hear about the Middle West craftsman behind his glasses, as reliable and as conservative as a Dutch watchmaker; about the night watchman in the New Orleans warehouse, as philosophical and inarticulate as the old men who watched over goods in European harbors.

They should hear about a human America, not about a race of supermen and glamor girls.

It is said of the Frenchmen that they are unhappy as soon as anybody does not want to kiss them on the lips; they want to be liked and even loved. Americans are a little bit like that, but it is far more difficult for them than for the French to accomplish that ambition. They are handicapped by their own enormous and fantastic achievements. Europeans sometimes have difficulty in discovering the man behind the powerful machine, and after all it is the person who counts. We do not like people for their greatness; we like them for their weaknesses. Caesar used to hide his baldness by wearing his laurels. It would be a good thing if the victorious American on European soil took off his laurels and showed himself as he is: a simple likeable human, the salt of this good, lovely, brave earth.

# Columnist's Crusade

By JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P.

Condensed from his column\*

**Paul Mallon**, whose syndicated article appears in 201 daily newspapers with a combined circulation of over 1 million and in "several hundred weeklies of undetermined circulation," has intentionally or unintentionally made himself a crusader in the cause of common-sense education for children. Mr. Mallon is able to address, shall we say, 50 million people. And he finds them ready for his message. His desk, he says, has become a national clearing-house of information on the subject of the defects of modern elementary education. In spite of the risks involved and the danger of reprisals, he has had letters of commendation from teachers from all points east and west. He has "started something." We hope he will be able to go on with it.

News has reached the people of the U. S., in spite of efforts to play it down, that the examination of inductees into the armed services has disclosed the fact that our vast educational mountain has produced a ridiculous mouse. The Navy, for example, found that of 4,200 freshmen at leading universities, 68% were unable to pass the arithmetic test, and 62% failed the whole test. Admiral Nimitz testifies that at one of the training stations "it was found necessary to lower the standards in 50% of the admissions."

H. I. Callahan, the superintendent of schools in the state of Tennessee, says: "The testimony of high-school principals and teachers bears witness to the fact that more than half the children finishing the 8th grade in Tennessee schools are unable to read with ease, comprehension, and pleasure; that they are very poor in the elementary mechanics of written English involving the simpler phases of capitalization, punctuation, and paragraphing."

I could cite 200 more witnesses from among my own acquaintances in the educational world, but the fact is not really in question. What is more important is the cause of the fact. Mr. Mallon places the blame upon "progressive education" generally and upon Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, particularly. Not that he is against a genuinely progressive education. He is anything but reactionary. Teachers' College cannot smear him with the epithet "medieval" as it smeared parochial schools some years ago. In fact, he is forward looking to such a degree that one might call him, in the best sense of the word, a futurist in educational method. But his modernism and futurism none the less bring us back to the ancient principle—ancient but ever new—that neither the formation of the

\*Sursum Corda, N.C.W.C., 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, 5, D. C.

June 17-24, 1944.

mind nor the development of character can be accomplished without discipline. His campaign is against the clique that advocates "painless learning." He says: "The incontestable answer to all this juvenile delinquency in the news is one word: discipline. This is not old-fogeyism, but ultramodern psychiatric doctrine. The instinctive tendencies of children must be curbed by discipline until they have reached the age where self-restraint enables them to conform to social customs and to take advantage of social opportunities."

Obviously this is "old stuff." But good stuff. If it were not good it would not have lived to be old. After all, time is a test of value. Even the upstart experimenters speak of "survival value," while rejecting what has survived. The demand for discipline is, in fact, as old as original sin. We have to go back to the origins to find the explanation of human cussedness. But whether or not an educator believes in original sin (the commissioner of education in New York state has recently called it a superstition) the cussedness is there. And the indolence, the laziness, the inclination always to take the "easiest way." Explain it as you will, by revelation or by "evolution," if we let ourselves go, we go down. Down and back to barbarism or to animalism. What is true of us is true of children. Perhaps even more so. The mistake of the "progressive-education" theorists is in imagining that if you let a child go his own way he will go right. You don't need the dogma of original sin to dis-

abuse you of that error. All you need is an examination of conscience and a bit of shrewd observation. Mr. Mallon remarks that a baby six months old has already learned how to raise old Ned and get what it wants. At six months it outwits its parents though they have lived 50 times as long. As in babyhood, so in adolescence. As in the nursery so in school. Boys and girls will be "ornery" if you let them. They will "put one over" on the teacher if the teacher is fool enough to permit them to do so. Nobody who ever went to school can pretend to be ignorant of that elementary knowledge. So, indeed, "the incontestable answer is discipline." The answer to juvenile delinquency. The answer to educational failure. The answer to defects in moral character. Also (let us add for the sake of those who think in political terms) the answer to the question, "Can democracy survive?" is to be found in that one word *discipline*. Democracy, not less but more than any other form of government, depends on discipline.

I would call attention to Mr. Mallon's opinion on "inhibitions." He says: "Popular tomfoolery holds it to be a calamity for anyone, even an adult, to have an inhibition. Is a parentally induced inhibition against adolescent girls having sexual relations with soldiers and sailors a bad thing? Is an inhibition against stealing bad? Murder, indecency? No scientist I have ever encountered in books or person ever contended so. If they did, you and I would know they were wrong."

Perhaps one reason for my being

pleased with that passage is that I have often asked those same questions in public, in the hope that advocates of "freedom for self-expression" would hear them. They don't hear. At least they don't answer. Apparently they continue to think it a psychological crime to repress desire. At least one kind of desire. They admit—presumably—that a civilized person must inhibit himself from lying, cheating, vandalism, the infliction of physical violence. But when it comes to sins against the 6th Commandment, they urge not only complete freedom from external restraint, law, but of interior restraint, inhibition, as well.

But among the advocates of "progressive education" (at least the extremists who carry the principle too far, and the ignoramuses who do not understand their own system) it seems to be the policy to be indulgent towards another capital sin: sloth. Certainly some representatives of progressive education tolerate or cultivate the in-born inclination of humans to be mentally lazy. That kind of toleration is as grievous a sin against the intellect as unrestricted satisfaction of sex passion is a crime against body and soul.

There is no one with even a moderate success in mental work who has not a thousand times compelled himself to knuckle down to work and stick everlastingly at it. St. Augustine, in his *Confessions* (a masterpiece of psychology as well as of biography) has a striking passage in which he describes the recalcitrance of the mind. "Mind commands body," he says, "and there

is obedience: mind commands mind and there is rebellion." But the mind must not be permitted its rebellion. The difficulty is that in this case the driver and the driven are the same. It is the mind that balks, and yet it is the self-same mind that must whip itself up to work.

Because that most difficult sort of self-discipline has been rejected or neglected, we have nowadays a vast amount of slipshod thinking, inaccuracy, haphazard opinion. The ultimate sin of "progressive education" against the individual and against society is not that it fails to teach youngsters to spell, to add and subtract, to read and write, but that it prevents their ever becoming thinkers.

What can you do with a generation which does not and cannot think, but which, having had in school a little dash of this and a slight dose of that, imagines itself "educated"? Ask the propagandists, the agitators, the crusaders for crazy causes. They know.

Another product of the go-as-you-please form of education is the contemporary loathing for logic. Logic is held to be a crime against the individual's inborn prerogative to think loosely, to arrive at conclusions without premises, to substitute prejudice and passion for thinking.

Now, although to think may be natural, to think accurately is an art. Nicholas Murray Butler has called it a "lost art." It was lost, not in the sense of having been mislaid. It is lost because it is not found. As Chesterton says of Christianity, it is not "tried and

found wanting, but found difficult and left untried." To think correctly requires labor, patience, the mastery of technique, concentration, application, perseverance, self-discipline. But the educational faddists have ruled out all those painful things. Making education easy, they have played into the hands of those who hate to apply them-

selves to anything, whether it be the acquisition of learning or the development of moral character. Mr. Mallon is right. Juvenile delinquency has the same cause as juvenile ignorance—lack of discipline. And lack of discipline is the very hallmark of the kind of education that is called—once more with wild defiance of logic—"Progressive."

### *In a Shelter in Berlin*

No, there isn't much hate. Deep down underneath, the Germans have a sense of guilt. They know that they did it first. I was in Berlin the night of the third big raid and as all hell broke loose I rushed to a shelter. In the cellar there were about 20 persons.

At the head of the stairs, the door opened. For a moment the sound of the bombings increased. Then the door closed. A man in uniform was limping down the stairs. All of us must have thought for an instant that the candlelight was playing tricks. Finally someone said, "It's a British flier."

A trickle of blood ran down his cheek and dripped from his chin. He lurched toward a wall. And then a girl crossed the room and faced him.

"You — you devil — you British — *Schweinhund!* You've done all this! You hear that out there? Well, now it's your turn. Take this!" And she slapped him. There were gasps. A woman led the girl back to her seat. And I heard a man saying:

"Now stop it. He can't help it. He's got his orders just like we have ours. It's this damned war. You can't do a thing about it!"

Then two women washed his wounds and told him he should sleep.

"Sleep?" he laughed harshly, "I don't know when I'll ever sleep. They got us with flak up there, had to bail out. God knows what happened to the others—and the fires out there. I landed somewhere, piece of luck, that, missing the flames. I say, you've made quite enough fuss over those scratches. Thank you. You've been very kind. Maybe you'd like some of these."

He pulled out things people in Berlin hadn't seen for three years, chocolate bars and tins of deviled meat and white buns.

Soon the raid was over and we just sat there and looked at each other. Then a woman said, "Shouldn't we report him? There's a penalty, you know."

"No. Nonsense! They'll find him soon enough."

So we went upstairs and looked into the flame-swept sky. And people rushed to their homes, if they still had homes. And the British flier hobbled off down the bomb-scarred streets of a dying city. I don't know whatever happened to him.

An eyewitness quoted by Howard K. Smith in a CBS broadcast (21 Jan. '44).



# The Trappists in Kentucky

By GERALD EDWARD, C.F.X.

Where they came from

Condensed from the *Messenger of the Immaculate Conception*\*

A community of holy, intelligent men spend their lives in prayer and labor, deep in a green valley of Kentucky's Nelson county. They are the Trappists, whose home is Gethsemane abbey, and whose lives are a star shell in the velvet darkness of a mad world.

After riding along a four-laned concrete highway, you abruptly turn into a roughly graveled road lined with giant trees. The long, lonely approach is a preparation for the abbey proper. Soon you notice rich fields of green. Rolling slowly past your car is a crude but sturdy wagon driven by a smiling, bearded Trappist Brother. Beyond a shallow dip in the road is your goal, the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemane.

A high graystone wall surrounds the grounds, enclosing the tall-steepled monastery chapel diagonally across the inner quadrangle from the large guesthouse. A narrow portico a block long lines both sides of the main entrance. Above the great wooden gate is a large statue of our Lady, haloed by the Latin inscription, *Refugium peccatorum, ora pro nobis* (Refuge of Sinners, pray for us). To the right is the cubbyhole office of the amiable Brother Porter.

We walked across a small terrace. This was crisscrossed with cement walks bordered by small grass plots inset with circles of snowball bushes,

gladioli, and rainbow-splashed snapdragons. In stark simplicity, the guesthouse walls are painted dull gray, unadorned except for large gold block letters which spell out succinct messages from the great Cistercian St. Bernard.

A pull on a large rope in the stairway rang a deep toned bell which summoned the genial guestmaster, Father Francis. He is a slight, soft-spoken priest, giving you the impression when he talks that his mouth is performing an unusual function. On the second and third floors of the guesthouse we saw the small, neat, well-furnished rooms used by visitors, prospective candidates, and priests making their yearly retreat. Father Francis jokingly remarked he could never get used to such debilitating comfort, after his own Spartan accommodations. Oil paintings, huge ferns, thick linoleum, and gilt radiators were a concession to the less courageous externs, but even the presence of what we look upon as part of ordinary living exuded an air of timidity, as if the iron-fisted rigor of the rest of the monastery would reach in and crush these gewgaws of plush civilization into a shambles.

Connecting the guesthouse with the chapel is a multiarched corridor forming a huge square: the grand cloister. Silence is observed here even by visitors. As we looked inquiringly at large

\*Xaverian Brothers, Baltimore, Md. 1944.

pictures of Trappist abbeys in other parts of the world, Father Francis merely pointed to a small placard inserted in each frame, summarizing the history of each monastery.

Father Francis led us beneath the low arches. He was in his coarse white habit, accentuated by a black, full-length, apron-like scapular, and wore thick leather shoes which popped in and out. We became aware of a great silence. It wasn't a sterile lacuna; rather it was an electric, intangible force you could not quite put your finger on. Dimly, you could sense the twanging shafts of prayer bolts shot from the single-aimed crossbows of those magnificent hearts. Father Francis interrupted our reverie, showing us the small workshops that opened into the cloister hall.

The chapter room was of especial interest. It was hung with portraits of former abbots, and lined on both sides with long wooden benches. Each place was marked by the presence of the Trappist rule book. Dominating the room was a simple carved chair for the abbot.

In the refectory, bare tables were flanked by low backless stools. Large wooden tureens for vegetables, tin cups, wooden plates, forks and spoons comprised the dining ware. Steamy clouds issued from the kitchen but they were devoid of meat odors: for the Trappists are strict vegetarians. Moreover, they limit themselves to a certain number of ounces of food each day; as a result they are actually always fasting.

The nave of the chapel is long and

narrow, with a high gothic ceiling. Four small altars, where the lay Brothers hear Mass, stand at the rear. The middle of the nave is separated by a choir lattice. On one side of the screen is a pulpit with a huge illuminated volume containing the Divine Office and other prayers peculiar to the Trappists. This part of the chapel has a double tier of choir stalls, where the priests chant their daily Office. The main altar is in a large semi-circular space in the apse. A white marble statue of the blessed Mother looks benignly from a pedestal atop the center tower of the altar. Every evening, the community, just before retiring to beds of wooden slats and straw pallets, march around this altar chanting the *Salve Regina*, with the chapel in darkness except for the coronet of lights around our Lady's head.

As we left the chapel, five priests, with habit hems tucked under their leathern belts, were cleaning the sanctuary floor with white sand and wooden blocks. The gritty tempo of sand rubbed against pine dinned into our ears in that cavernous silence. To me it symbolized the world-size hour glass that had been dropping grains of sand into the pit of centuries ever since the Trappists began.

Our sightseeing journey ended behind the main building, beside a modern powerhouse and electrically equipped water reservoir. Those anomalies (in the Trappist environs) in the center of grape arbors and wheat fields were surrounded by small white chickenhouses, barns, and stables. We pass-

ed a Brother, and he and Father Francis engaged in that fascinating pantomime in which rapidly manipulated fingers substitute for tongues. (This activity was vividly demonstrated in the motion picture, *Monastery*, which deals with Trappist life.)

Bidding good-by to the genial guest-master and cheerful Brother Porter made one feel like the young brother

of St. Bernard who was left all of his father's estates while the rest of the family joined the Trappists of Abeland in the thorny depths of Citeaux. We were going back to a world of greed and war, luxury and comfort. Behind the great oaken gate, we were leaving single-minded men, voluntary ascetics, with no worry except that of filling the bottomless pool of love for God.



## The Trappists in Georgia

Condensed from *Mission Fields at Home*\*

Where they came to

The loud cries in defense of the bombing of Monte Cassino abbey had scarcely died down when the Trappists came to open a new foundation in Georgia. They took Atlanta by storm. Even the city dailies gave over for the day to elaborate pictorial accounts of the silent arrival of those silent men. As one of the reporters remarked, "Everyone is talking about it except the Trappists themselves."

From the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemane in Kentucky 20 monks and brothers arrived one cold, bleak, rainy day in March to inaugurate the new Trappist monastery. Their abode is a huge barn in Conyers, Ga., which has now become their fourth monastery in the U.S. Until a few days before their arrival the barn was filled with hay in the loft and cows and mules be-

low. The monks took the loft and left the below, for the present, to the cows and mules.

When someone remarked to the Superior he was sorry they had to come to a barn and wished it could have been something better, the Superior graciously responded, "The best Friend I have lived in a barn."

"Oh, yes, you mean St. Joseph."

"No," the Abbot said, "his Son."

On the way down, the conductor passed through the baggage car, in which the monks were traveling. Three quarters of the car was filled with mattresses, boxes of books, vestments, dishes, wooden spoons. He took one look at the small mountain of baggage and said, "I don't know where you-all are going, but it sure looks like you're going to stay."

\*Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, Cornwells Heights, Pa. May-June, 1944.

Upon arrival, they occupied the loft, where they began at once to erect five altars. Sleeping quarters and a reading room were arranged for in the remaining space. An adjacent granary will serve for the present as kitchen and dining room.

Everybody in Atlanta knew every detail of their coming, from the papers. Even the colored mission was stirred to its depths, and for several days the children and their parents were filled with details of the new foundation. When the monks arrived, and were loading their belongings on two trucks, colored men helped them. When they finished, one remarked, "Boy! Could those men work! And not a word did they say in all that time. I sure am going to see them again when they get set up."

The most exquisite piece was a little boy, Emory McClinton, in the 4th grade of Our Lady of Lourdes school in Atlanta, who walked up to Sister one morning and put a nickel on her desk, saying, "This is for the Trappists to build a nice house. It is a shame they have to live in a barn. I earned it myself totin' groceries, and I will bring some more when I save it up."

Sister's heart just about stood still a minute, for she knew well the humble living quarters of the little lad. She

thought the new Superior should know of this boy's deep interest, and she told him to write a letter and send it on. In simple language and scrawling hand, the lad expressed his sympathy for the "cold barn," and enclosed his donation to help build a new monastery. Shortly after, the new Superior answered, in the following classic:

"My dear little Emory: I received your beautiful, touching, noble and generous letter of March 24. It went straight to my heart and I am sure, straight to the Heart of the Sacred Heart. It was perhaps only a 'widow's mite,' but your 'nickel' registered in heaven for you, as a million dollars!

"It may be cold for us here in our barn, but you know it was cold for Jesus in His stable on that first Christmas eve; and Jesus is here in this stable with us in His Eucharistic crib. He keeps us warm and we offer our cold hands and feet to thaw out frozen hearts in the great world beyond.

"Come out to see us. We pray for you. May you and your Sisters pray for us.

"A daily memento in my Mass for you and for the conversion of all the colored people of Georgia.

"In the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, all for Jesus through Mary, M. James, O.C.S.O."



Should a man happen to err in supposing the Christian religion to be true, he could not be a loser by the mistake. But how irreparable is his loss, and how inexpressible his danger, who should err in supposing it to be false!

Pascal.

# Our Lives, Our Fortunes

By CLARENCE M. LINDSAY

Condensed from the *Ave Maria*\*

Loss and gain

**It seems** to be a national sport to throw bricks at Congress. But it would be well to consider the price paid by that immortal band of men who dared put their names to the Declaration of Independence, which made that very Congress possible.

George Clymer of Pennsylvania signed, and immediately his home was sacked and destroyed by an infuriated mob. Richard Stockton of New Jersey signed, and he was dragged from his bed and thrown into jail, his estate plundered, and his health undermined by hardships. George Read of Delaware was informed he had signed with a halter about his neck. "So be it!" he responded. "I am prepared to meet all consequences of this just act!"

Lewis Morris, about to lend his name to the Declaration, received word that the enemy was at the gates of his home on Long Island. His property, however, would be spared on his promise to withhold his vote for liberty. "There are plenty of homes," he declared, "but only one country!" All he possessed was sacrificed, and his family driven into exile. But—he dared to sign!

Honest John Hart of New Jersey suffered greatly. At one time he was besieged in his farmhouse where, it seems, his wife lay dying. But he refused to leave her, and though later on he managed to make his escape, for a

year he was hunted through the woods.

Arthur Middleton of South Carolina reached Philadelphia in time to give his vote, and he paid the penalty. The Middleton estates, the finest in South Carolina, were destroyed by Cornwallis' men. A year later Middleton was thrown into jail! But—he signed!

William Floyd of New York signed, and his fine home was used as a cavalry barracks, his estate seized and his family taken into captivity! For years he never so much as saw his property, though offered its return if he would enroll against his country. The personal fortune of Richard Henry Lee of Virginia went into the coffers of his country. While Charles Carroll, of Maryland, signed, someone remarked, "There go a few millions!" But Carroll exclaimed, "What are millions! Neither my millions nor my writing will settle this just cause; but the bayonet will!"

It is a glorious record! "I watched everyone sign," declared William Ellery of Rhode Island (who signed, and returned to his home to find it destroyed and his personal treasures stolen). "There was undaunted resolution in every countenance!"

If only we, in our time, can equal the record of those immortals, we shall be worthy of our great heritage. To us, to whose keeping the liberties so dearly won by the fathers have been consign-

\**Notre Dame, Ind. July 1, 1944.*



ed, these words of a resolution introduced by a delegate, have a vital message: "Resolved: that any one who shall wilfully break this agreement

shall have his name published in the Public Newspapers as a betrayer of the civil rights of America and forever after be deemed infamous and a traitor."

## A Page for History

The editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST have sent the Holy Father each year the twelve issues of the magazine bound together in white-leather volumes stamped in gold. Delivery was, of course, impossible during our war with Italy, but Father Ryan, Chief of Chaplains of the Fifth Army and a boyhood friend of the editor, volunteered to give them personally to His Holiness when he entered liberated Rome. The reference to St. Thomas is St. Thomas College of St. Paul.

Clark took Rome in a way that should arouse the gratitude of the Christian world. When we entered Rome, the people nearly went wild. It was hard to drive a car through the streets. Little children tossed flowers into the vehicles, and everyone seemed overjoyed at the arrival of the Fifth Army.

I accompanied General Clark on his official call to the Holy Father. It was a cordial and pleasant occasion. The Holy Father was in good form and seemed happy to have Americans near him. The same morning we called on Cardinal Maglione, the papal Secretary of State. He, too, was very pleasant; in fact, he joked about General Clark's youth and the youthfulness of his staff. That afternoon yours truly received a decoration, the Legion of Merit, "for exceptionally meritorious service." I also arranged a Mass of Thanksgiving for our troops of the Fifth Army. It turned out to be a magnificent affair. I was celebrant, with a French deacon and

British subdeacon. The Sistine Choir sang the Mass. Cardinal Tisserant, an old soldier in his young days, presided with General Clark right beside him. There were more generals present than I had ever seen assembled in one place. They sat behind General Clark. Behind the Cardinal were the heads of the Religious Orders of Rome. On the opposite side of the sanctuary was the diplomatic corps, all decked out. The church was packed. Coincidentally, the day happened to be the anniversary of my ordination, as well as my mother's wedding anniversary. That, too, was a day long to be remembered. As a matter of fact, subsequently the Holy Father mentioned in happy terms the grand Mass we had.

Now as to the volumes of the CATHOLIC DIGEST. I combined the presentation of them with another operation, namely, the presentation of an offering of money from the Catholic lads in our headquarters for the poor of Rome. General Gruenther accompanied me. We mentioned, while going to the Vatican in the General's car, how fitting it was that two St. Thomas men were presenting the books edited by another St. Thomas man. The Holy Father was most pleased to receive them. I mentioned the reason why they had not been sent before. He paged through them and asked me to express his gratitude for your thoughtfulness.

Chaplain (Col.) Patrick J. Ryan in a letter to the editor.

# Bomber Base in England

By ADRIAN POLETTI, C.P.

Good go-between

Condensed from *The Sign*\*

**Danger never** made a saint. Nor does the quartermaster corps issue GI halos. Any chaplain can tell you that. It's his business to know. But I say this for the record: more men here count God in on their plans than back in the States. This is certain: many a man here is asking himself, "What's the real purpose of life?"

I am chaplain of a USAAF bomber station in England. Day after day I see my men take off on bombing missions over Europe. Day after day I wait for them to return—counting the planes, counting the men.

Some days they don't all come back. Somewhere in the skies taps sounded. But they were ready. It's good to be able to write to a widow or mother, "He was ready."

Back home people may wonder if these are routine words of consolation. A Catholic chaplain knows the truth, and it gives him satisfaction and encouragement to be able to write it.

Here is why the chaplain can write what he does. Here is why he knows that those young men who roam the clouds are ready to wander into heaven. Here is an average, typical week at this average, typical airfield somewhere in England.

Sunday. Unless there happens to be a bombing mission on Sunday morning, every man is free to attend serv-

ices. We are fortunate to have a permanent chapel. It is well furnished and accommodates 400. Since it is conveniently located in the community site, any odd hour you will find at least one or two kneeling there. Masses on Sunday morning are at eight and eleven. Protestant services are at 9:30. In all, more than 700 attend church on Sundays. The Jewish services are Saturday mornings.

After dinner I return to the office for about three hours. Some men find it difficult to get around during the week, so there are always callers. About four I go over to an engineering unit which is without a Catholic chaplain. For the last ten months I have been saying Mass for them on Sunday evenings; attendance is over 200. Besides being the hardest working men in the Army, the engineers are also excellent cooks. After supper and a word with the men, the jeep is headed for home.

Monday. I am awakened at four and laconically told, "Briefing at five." The chaplain of a bomber group has for his first concern the welfare of the combat crews. So he attends every briefing, at which crews are told their target for the day, shown maps and pictures of it, and are given instructions for the raid. It may come at any time, but usually in early morning. The men like to see the chaplain there. Even though

\**Union City, N. J. July, 1944.*

some never go to church they feel his prayers will help them through. And they know that the chaplain, voluntarily getting out of a warm bed at three or four in the morning to wish them "Godspeed," is interested in their welfare. Many reciprocate that interest.

Right after the briefing, I see the Catholic men, hear the confessions of any who wish to go, and give them all Communion. If anything does happen they are prepared and thus they set out all the better equipped for the job; they fear nothing, have easy minds, and can give their undivided attention to the work at hand. I can vividly remember a pilot named Casey who flew the ship *Banshee*. He used to be one of the first to see me after briefing. The morning of the first Hamburg raid he got up late and did not have time to receive. We lost several ships that day and when I saw Casey that evening he said, "Boy, did I sweat that one out! Saw ships going down all around me and all I could think of was, 'My number's up and I didn't go to Communion this morning'; I could hardly keep my mind on flying the ship. But from now on you'll see me every time." Casey made 17 raids, finally going down over Bremen; he is now a PW.

After Communion the men check guns, bombs, instruments, and motors. Fifteen minutes before take-off they taxi out of the dispersal areas and line up at the end of the main runway. Zero hour and the first ship roars down the ramp and up into the morning sky. At 30-second intervals the others follow; huge four-engined birds weighing 25

tons, carrying a crew of ten, tons of bombs, and bristling with guns. As each plane thunders by, the chaplain waves "good luck" to the crew and gives them a conditional absolution. They gain altitude, fall into formation, and come back over the field in a final salute. With their noses pointed toward Germany they are off to annihilate another part of the Nazi war machine. I return to the chapel to say the seven-o'clock Mass, remembering especially those who are fighting in the skies.

The planes will be gone from four to eight hours, during which time you say an occasional prayer that they will all be back; the men call this time "sweating out the ships." About 15 minutes before they are due back, ground crews, fire trucks, ambulances, and trucks to pick up the crews gather at the edge of the field. All eyes scan the horizon, some with binoculars. Right on the minute the formation appears, grows larger until individual planes can be counted. The one question is, "Are any missing?"

Over the field they come in perfect formation. If any carry wounded aboard, they fire a flare, come right in for a landing, and are met by an ambulance with the chaplain and doctor. The formation circles and comes over once more, but the second time it reaches the center of the field the planes peel off one after the other to come in for a landing. As they took off, so they land—at 30-second intervals. Ground crews begin servicing the planes at once. A hot meal is awaiting the tired

crews; after eating, they are interviewed by intelligence officers, and another raid is over.

I have seen the procedure 100 times, yet the thrill does not wear off. Rather, it continually fills one with pride that he is even a small part of this great American crusade. Everyone is in high spirits tonight because the photographs show all our bombs hit their targets; all our ships returned, and not one man was wounded. They may be up early again tomorrow morning or they may not take off till afternoon, all depending on the weather. If it is "ceiling zero" they will have ground school.

Tuesday. We are up at 3:30; breakfast, and then briefing at 4:30. All is in readiness for the take-off when the mission is "scrubbed" at seven because of the weather. The hours of preparation go for nothing. This is one of the most trying things for the crews, namely, to get up and put in several hours' preparation and tension only to have the mission scrubbed at the last minute. (I recall one week last winter when the men got up six consecutive mornings at four, hoping for a break in the weather, which never came; but they made up for it the next week by going out five times.) This morning most of the combat men go back to bed. The ordnance men who were out "bombing up" from 12 to four and have been in bed only a few hours, are now called out again to unload. The planes are never left standing with live bombs. I return to the chapel to say Mass, at which attendance on weekdays averages 15.

Later in the morning I visit the hospital. There are 32 patients. Nearly all have mild cases of the flu; in serious cases the men are immediately sent to the general hospital some miles away, which I try to visit once a week. In the afternoon I answer a number of letters from anxious parents inquiring about sons reported missing. Usually nothing can be added to what they know, but sympathy is expressed, and very often some personal information concerning the soldier when he was at this field can be given that helps alleviate the suspense.

This evening we had our weekly religious discussion group. The interest manifested and the questions asked point to a revival of a religious attitude of mind. The topic of discussion was "The English Reformation." For next week it is "Religion in Germany."

Wednesday. The weather has closed in, so there will be no flying today; the men will have ground school. I visited the line this morning, also several of the shops. The men are always glad to see you. Some ask about a personal problem, or make an appointment to see you privately. I gave two instructions in the afternoon to men preparing for Baptism; also had several other callers. Personal interviews average six a day.

What do the men see the chaplain about? Some make arrangements to get married; others discuss the advisability of marriage now (4% have married since coming to England). Many want the chaplain to write their folks that they are going to church or are in

perfect health, and they often say, "Mother will believe you and won't worry." A few have asked me to write their wives or sweethearts, to assure them their men are faithful.

One of the most common questions from the ground personnel is, "How can I become a gunner on a Fortress? I came over here to fight." Some want information about continuing studies through extension courses, or a recommendation for O. C. S. Combat men often bring a letter or some personal effect with the request that if anything should happen to them, it be sent to their folks. Officers often ask the chaplain's opinion about an individual or the morale of the men, or request him to give a talk to the flyers. One man who came in today said he had never been baptized, in fact, didn't know anything about religion, but thought it was a good thing and would like to learn a little about it. Again, the men worry more about their families back home than they do about themselves. These are but a few of the personal problems. One thing is noticeably lacking in talks with the chaplain: "griping." There is plenty of it in this man's Army, but it means little or nothing. It is just conversation, the GI method of letting off steam. He doesn't even take himself seriously, and actually the chaplain hears little of it, despite the often quoted expression, "Tell it to the chaplain."

Thursday. There was a briefing at four. As usual, many came to receive absolution and Communion. It was still dark and foggy when they took off. I

was just finishing Mass when an explosion shook the camp. One of the planes trying to return to the field because of engine trouble cracked up in the fog. Two of the crew were thrown clear, the other eight killed instantly. Three were Catholics. I gave them conditional absolution and administered Extreme Unction. Then I helped prepare the bodies for burial. It was not pleasant to see the burned and mutilated remains of men I had been with such a little while before. But the thought of their folks back home kept me there. Their personal effects were put in envelopes to be forwarded to the next of kin. However, some also carried prayerbooks, medals, or rosaries, and these, at the request of the C. O., I took to send directly to their folks. That afternoon all the rest of the planes returned safely after a very successful raid. I visited the guardhouse after supper; only three prisoners were there.

Friday. Briefing was at six; take-off at 9:30. I visited the hospital before dinner. I went out to the line to meet the planes at three. Two fired flares coming in, which meant they had wounded aboard. Two of the men had superficial flesh wounds from flak, but the third, a Polish lad from Chicago, had a broken arm from a 20mm. shell. When I climbed in the plane to see how bad he was, he smiled despite the pain and said, "Not too bad, Father, only got it in the arm." A little later, in our first-aid station, when they were putting a splint on his arm before sending him to the general hospital, he beckoned to me. He asked if I would



reach in his hip pocket for his wallet, take out the crucifix, and hold it for him to kiss; the doctor paused with his work while I complied. The lad explained, "I always do that before leaving and after returning from each mission; today I couldn't until now, so that completes my fourteenth. Thank you."

Saturday. Weather prohibits flying today. I said the requiem Mass this morning for those killed in Thursday's accident. Many of the squadron attended. We left at one for the funeral in Cambridge American Military Cemetery. The caskets were draped with an American flag and placed in a straight row over the individual graves. My co-worker, the Protestant chaplain, conducted the service for the men of his faith, after which I read the burial service for the Catholic dead and blessed their graves. While an officer called out the names of those who had

given their lives for their country, a soldier saluted each casket in turn. A volley was fired and taps sounded, while the large number who had come to the funeral stood with bowed heads and said a final prayer: "May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen."

Fortunate is the American Army chaplain. While receiving every help and encouragement from commanding officers, he is living and working with the grandest group of men in the world. The chaplain is the liaison officer between God and His creatures, as well as between the men and their families back home. While all around him is destruction, his is a life of helping, advising, encouraging, and loving his brother man. May the great Commander-in-Chief make him worthy of his opportunity and calling.



## Saints of New England

By JOSEPH M. PAX, C.P.P.S.

Out of due time

Condensed from *Nuntius Aulæ*\*

**In 1840** George Ripley, pastor of the Purchase Street Unitarian church in Boston, resigned from the Unitarian ministry because, as he explained, he had grown dissatisfied with the sterile, sermonizing brand of Christianity of Puritan New England. His action was

characteristic of the times. New England was in ferment. Old institutions were no longer sacred. Revolt and reform were in the air. Unitarian ministers found themselves preaching a religion in which they did not believe. George Ripley, Ralph Waldo Emerson

\**St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio. July, 1944.*

and John Sullivan Dwight were among those who made graceful exits from the pulpit. Others, Theodore Parker, Frederick Henry Hedge, William Henry Channing, and James Freeman Clarke, began to preach doctrines of innovation and "newness" which fell shockingly on pious Puritanical ears.

Everywhere men of intelligence had begun seeking a religion which would satisfy their nobler aspirations. They agreed to be rebels each in his own way. In 1836 a group began to meet periodically in the home of George Ripley in Boston. There they discussed such topics as law, truth, individuality, theology, revelation, inspiration, and providence. Everyone with "new" ideas was welcome. Distinguished members of the group were Ripley, who was to lead the Brook Farm pioneers; Channing, a nephew of the great Doctor Channing; Emerson, whose little volume, *Nature* (1836), has been called the "constitution of American Transcendentalism"; A. Bronson Alcott, the Neo-Platonist and mystic, whose radical educational theories provoked some suspicion among Puritan parents; Parker, a thorough scholar and rabid abolitionist; Orestes A. Brownson, the worried and anxious seeker for the Church of the Future; Henry Thoreau, who came once or twice but found the company of men uncongenial.

It is significant that women had their part. Margaret Fuller, pioneer feminist, literary critic, and brilliant conversationalist, was there. Ripley's wife, Sophia, and the two Peabody sisters, Elizabeth and Sophia, were im-

portant figures. Their discussions eventually provided the inspiration for a literary journal, the *Dial*, established in 1840 and lasting until 1844.

Simultaneously, Margaret Fuller was conducting her "Conversations" in the Peabody bookshop. A conversationalist with an overabundance of radical ideas, she soon discovered that her enthusiasm was being transmitted to other women. The best families of Boston attended. There they discussed, with much rambling, mythology, the arts, ethics, the family, school, church, society, and literature, studied in relation to the feminism of which Miss Fuller was a zealous pioneer.

Perhaps the most overpowering personality in all turbulent Boston was Brownson, who occasionally attended the meetings of the Transcendentalist Club. The number of religions which he had successively taken up and cast aside was phenomenal. He was then an independent minister giving his allegiance to no sect. And it was being whispered that he was on the road to Catholicism. But the man was immensely popular. Since 1836 he had been lecturing regularly to his Society for Christian Union and Progress. From 300 to 400 heard him weekly. Eagerly thoughtful men of every station who were tired of conventional Protestantism flocked to hear the gaunt, six-foot-two Vermonter answer the perennial questions in his own way. "What does Christ require of Christians," he thundered, "and what must we believe to enter the kingdom of God?" And his answer: A return to

the principles of the Sermon on the Mount. A shocking conclusion, indeed, to those who did not wish to hear it.

When Ripley resigned his pulpit he felt he had discovered a solution to his problem and the problem of New England. He would bring together a group of high-minded persons like himself and begin to live life as it should be lived. He had already selected a site nine miles out of Boston for his social experiment, there to establish an ideal community in which all men worked with their hands and all had time for thought and study.

The story of the six tragic years of Brook Farm is quickly told. Ripley's wife shared his enthusiasm with him. In October, 1840, they broached their plans to the three most likely candidates, Emerson, Alcott, and Miss Fuller. All favored the idea but they did not share Ripley's attraction to community life. The Transcendental Club discussed Ripley's scheme throughout the winter. Only Dwight was prepared to follow him to West Roxbury. Channing would have come had his wife not wished him at home. Mr. Brownson heartily approved, but he was engrossed in his own search for the Church of the Future and did not feel that Brook Farm could satisfy his longings. Alcott could not be convinced that Ripley's ideals were high enough for his own aspiring soul. He was later to establish his own Utopia, the ill-fated Fruitlands, where members drank only water and ate only the aspiring vegetables. Thoreau, happily whiling away his time at Walden Pond, could

be enticed into no such social aggregation. "I'd rather keep bachelor's hall in hell than go to board in heaven if that place is heaven," he later said.

In April, 1841, George Ripley, with his wife and his sister Marianne, Warren Burton, another ex-minister, and Minot Pratt with his wife and three children, set out for West Roxbury to found Brook Farm. Soon others joined. George Bradford and Nathaniel Hawthorne came within a short time. A Vermont farmer named Allen and a neighbor, Frank Farley, supplied the practical knowledge of farming, with many a suppressed smile at the antics of the Boston "farmers." The community was incorporated as the Brook Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education, with shares at \$500 each. The community expanded until it numbered over 100 members. The recruits were selected according to a uniformly high standard. Those seeking admittance through motives of personal gain or selfish indolence were promptly dismissed. Of high-minded idealists there was an abundance in New England of the 1840's.

Those first were the happy years for the "farmers," though the wolf was never far from the door. But their paradise could not withstand the onslaughts of even its well-meaning friends. The ideas of the Frenchman, Charles Fourier, had been imported to America, and in 1840 Albert Brisbane of New York published *The Social Destiny of Man*. In 1844, taking advantage of the financial straits in which the "farmers" now found themselves, Brisbane foist-

ed the Fourier ideals on Ripley and the institute. Brook Farm became a "phalanx" in the best Fourier fashion, and was doomed. Life began to lose all its spontaneity and charm. Constant regimentation and a rigid program of planned labor drove away the best members. Struggling survivors finally brought to near completion a spacious "phalanstery" which was to house all the members. Hopes ran high till the tragic fire of 1846. The unfinished phalanstery burned to the ground and with it was destroyed many a carefully nurtured hope and ideal.

Brook Farm was an attempt to actualize the loftiest ideals of the whole movement, in an ideal society where men would love and work and never tire of either. It cannot be dismissed as another socialistic experiment. It was not that in its early years. As Father Hecker's biographer observes, "The watchword of the place was fraternity, not communism." They would share their intellectual gifts but make no attempt to overthrow private ownership.

Christ was their model and inspiration. But perhaps "they did not know Him as well as they knew His doctrine." They strove to practice the doctrine of Christ on the brotherhood of man. They taught that all labor was honorable. They deplored the sorry plight of society, with the fabulously rich and the miserably poor. They were not blind to the social injustices resulting from an unrestrained capitalistic system and free competition run riot.

In 1847, when Brook Farm disap-

peared, Transcendentalism had failed to attain its object. No more did the Transcendental Club meet; and the "Conversations" of Margaret Fuller had long since ceased. Mr. Brownson no longer captivated the audiences of Lyceum Hall; he had found the "Church of the Future." And now the Brook "Farmers" dispersed, each to go his own lonesome way.

The movement which thus arose so strangely in New England and so quickly passed had within itself much of permanent value. It is a monument to a peculiar American genius and the fervor found occasionally even today among thinking men.

Puritanism of the 1830's was a lifeless and death-dealing way of life. The best Puritans were no longer moved by awful and sonorous "do not's." Unitarianism attempted to relieve the situation by replacing an outmoded way of life with one in accord with human aspirations. But every heresy begins with a few fragments of truth by virtue of which it is able to attract men gradually, and inevitably it relinquishes its hold on them. In such a condition Puritanism found itself in 1830. The narrow, dehumanizing Congregationalism of those years was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system, from which the most intelligent naturally and spontaneously turned away.

But what was to be substituted? The path followed by the Transcendentalists was a devious and somewhat circuitous route, and many lost themselves. Perceiving that their religion was in many ways contrary to reason,

they ambitiously planned what they hoped would be a soul-satisfying natural religion. Some would worship nature; some were inspired to found the ill-fated Fruitlands; some became pioneers of West Roxbury; and finally men like Brownson and Hecker tried one way of life or another until they felt satisfied that only one Church answered all their questions.

Because of inherited prejudice most of them adventured with a firm conviction that truth would not be found in the Church of Rome. Many of them later tore themselves away from their unfortunate prejudices. A number horrified their comrades by joining the Church. Two eventually became impressive figures in American Church history: the truculent "lion," Orestes A. Brownson, and the zealous ascetic, Isaac Hecker. Brownson was in sympathy with the aims of the Brook Farmers. After passing through experiences comparable to those of a St. Augustine or a Newman, he turned Catholic and became perhaps the greatest mind American Catholicism has produced.

At the suggestion of Brownson, his young protégé, Isaac Hecker, went to Brook Farm, where he baked bread and read Kant while kneading dough. He was already on the road to Rome, as it was whispered about the Farm. He realized that Brook Farm did not satisfy his aspiring soul. Father Hecker is an outstanding figure in the American Church, having added to it one of the most militant Religious Societies in America, the Paulist.

Catholicism was discussed at the Farm, although interest seemed purely academic. All professed a certain dread of the Church, which only time could efface. The wife of the founder, Mrs. George Ripley, alone showed unmistakable signs of an interest. Years later she turned more seriously in this direction. The story of her conversion appears only summarily even in exhaustive histories. She was fascinated by the words of St. Augustine, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." She began to read Augustine; she passed to the other Fathers of the Church; she studied the Renaissance; and gradually she felt herself becoming, to the horror of her husband, a Catholic.

Ripley was puzzled: "I know who converted you, it was Isaac at his bread board while you peeled potatoes." And Sophia felt that perhaps it was true. She did become a Catholic and found the spiritual solace which a thousand Brook Farms could never produce.

George Ripley remained outside the fold. But in later years he, too, began to feel that the Church held something he desired, if we may judge from an incident shortly after his wife's death. Father Hecker had come to offer his condolences. "Isaac, can you do anything a Catholic priest can do?" queried George.

"Certainly," said the young priest. "Then when I know that my end is near, I'll send for you. Will you come?"

And Isaac was called but the message was delayed purposely by unsym-



pathetic relatives. When the priest arrived the dying man was unable to recognize him.

One early member of Brook Farm went to Rome and on his return wrote about the Eternal City in *The Marble Faun*. People did not approve of the new ideas he had contracted at Rome. Perhaps it was from them that Rose Hawthorne first imbibed an admiration for the Catholic Church which gradually grew into an irresistible attraction and finally inspired a heroic life in the service of suffering humanity. She is remembered as an indefatigable crusader for the care of incurable cancer and the foundress of a Community of Religious women.

William Ellery Channing, nephew of the great Doctor, shocked his compatriots by writing a book entitled *Conversations in Rome*, a book of dialogues between a Catholic and a Unitarian. Mr. Channing was evidently the Catholic. His native Concord wondered at the strange effects his visit to Rome had produced. Another Channing, William Henry, one of the original Transcendentalists, confessed an unexplainable attraction to the Church of Rome.

About each of these, posterity has woven a halo of eccentricity. Yet there is something admirable about their adherence to principles for which they were willing to sacrifice liberty and even life itself, even though the principles they espoused were sometimes of dubious value.

Those men were no mere dreamers. Emerson resigning his pulpit rather than continuing to administer the Lord's Supper or pray when he did not feel like praying; Thoreau going to jail for refusal to pay his taxes; Alcott closing his school rather than consenting to dismiss a colored pupil (yes! even Alcott planting "aspiring" vegetables); Parker risking reputation and life in the antislavery crusade—these are typical examples of the fact that when these men were put to the test of acting on their principles they were not found wanting.

They were heroic souls, the material of which saints are made. Father Hecker thought of Thoreau as a man who would have made a great hermit under Catholicism. And so, too, with the others. In another time and place they would have been saints each in his own way—Alcott, the mystic; Ripley, the social idealist; Brownson, the zealous apologist; Hecker, religious founder; even Margaret Fuller, the haughty and self-centered feminist. Their burning zeal under guidance of the Church would have accomplished great things. And, indeed, those few who did come under her influence in later years are outstanding figures on the pages of American Church history. If some of them—all of them at times—talked a vast quantity of nonsense, they also said many illuminating and profound things. To regard them as coherent thinkers would be absurd; it is not so absurd to regard them as saints.

# The Front at Home

By ARTHUR CAYLOR

Labor-baiting papers, please copy

Condensed from the San Francisco *Daily News*\*

The other day the Navy called up a Peninsula war plant from Washington and said it was flying out two men and the model of a gadget. Two of the gadgets, very secret, must be done by Wednesday, so they could be whipped to a proving ground without loss of a second, and 250 must be finished by Friday.

Now the plant might have said: "Listen, Navy, we don't do that sort of work. We haven't got the men. We don't even employ the right kind of mechanics. In these parts it takes that long to hire a man, what with all the laws and manpower red tape." But it didn't. The plant just said, "Aye, aye, sir." Saturday morning it had the men, 310 of them. It hadn't exactly hired them. It had "borrowed" two from this plant, and 12 from that shipyard, and some more from God knows where. It was completely impossible to get the men in so short a time. But it got 'em.

The men, nearly all welders, could not be told what it was all about. They owed no loyalty to this plant. They had no *esprit de corps*. They didn't know the layout, the boss, the job, or their fellow workers. Their attitude could very normally have been what-the-hell. And everything was a dead secret.

However, they could sense something important was up. For the Navy

had planes standing by. They were ready to buzz off on the instant if the job needed some tool or other from Kansas City, Chicago, Detroit. Motorcycle men were there for lesser errands. Guards were all around. The men just naturally absorbed the idea that the chips were down, that this job was destined to pay off in the lives of fighting men.

So they went to work Saturday morning and they worked until Friday afternoon. I don't mean shifts. I don't mean some overtime. I mean that they worked right straight through Saturday and Saturday night and Sunday and Sunday night, nonstop, and so on, without respite, until it was 2 P.M. the following Friday.

When a man got so groggy he didn't know what he was doing, he would lie down on a cot for a while. Then he would hold his head under a faucet, and snort into double handfuls of water, and go back to work.

Sometimes the welding fumes would get a man and he would have to go somewhere until his stomach straightened out. But the work didn't stop. Navy inspectors, who had hung the old gold lace in a locker and put on overalls, would pick up the welding torch and carry on until the man got over his rocky spell and could take up the good work once more.

\*San Francisco, Calif. Jan. 13, 1944.

The wives commenced to show up with coffee and fresh clothing and shaving things. Of course, the Navy or the plant or somebody sent in coffee and food. But it wasn't like coffee from home. In fact, the wives helped a lot, because fresh clothes or a shave could make a man feel as good as a few hours' sleep.

Thus 24 hours grew into 48 and then became 96. The test gadgets were completed on time and snatched away to the proving grounds. But the men didn't stop. Instead of waiting for test results, they kept right on. They were pretty darn sure everything was all right because the plant and the Navy men made preliminary tests right there. Whenever there seemed to be the slightest question whether an individual gadget was up to snuff, it was tossed aside and didn't count.

At 2 P.M. Friday, some 150 hours after starting, the job was done. It was okay for the men, just 310 men gathered from anywhere, remember, to down tools and hit the hay. They were stiff with fatigue. They were bleary-

eyed. Some looked like cavemen. A good many were all but out on their feet.

But they couldn't quit. They wanted to get in a few licks of their own. It was still two hours until the plant's regulars on other work reached the end of their shift. So the gadget makers kept right on going for two more hours, making more gadgets to save more lives of more fighting men. You'd think they had done plenty. But they wanted to make this extra contribution. The two hours of overtime, they insisted, were on them.

Even when the whistle blew at 4 P.M. they couldn't quit. They were too wound up. So they picked up the fellow they figured had lost the most sleep, a chap they had never seen until the job started, and carried him around the plant on their shoulders. He happened to be the boss. But that wasn't the reason they packed him around. They knew how much he had done to help them achieve the impossible. They knew he had had under eight hours' sleep since the Navy rang the phone.



The Turkish dictator, Kemal Pasha, decided some years ago to do away with the Arabic alphabet in favor of the more modern Latin letters. He met tremendous resistance, but showed remarkable Oriental astuteness in handling the situation. Conservative Turkish women were even more unwilling than male diehards to go to school again. So the dictator issued this edict: "The new alphabet must be learned by all Turkish men and women except those over 42 years of age." At once the schools became swamped with eager female students.

H. H. Ross in the *Peoria Register* (28 May '44).

# The Focus Is on Faith

By WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

Getting the whole picture

Condensed from *Columbia\**

**Hollywood** has begun to take a tremendous interest in religion. It has not yet come to conversion, you understand. It is more like discovery. The sensational success of *The Song of Bernadette* has brought home the fact that there are dramatic values, and box-office, in depicting the operations of the Creator in the human soul.

Moviegoers whose hair is gray will recall that through the years the moving pictures have always toyed with religious subjects. Those whose memories are especially tenacious will remember the Italian-made *Cabiria*, a story of early Christian times, with its giant heroic Maciste. It was back in 1927 that Cecil B. DeMille made *The King of Kings*, and that picture is still occasionally shown. Mr. DeMille, of course, specialized in this sort of spectacle, having made *The Ten Commandments* in 1923. Fred Niblo, Sr., gave us the unforgettable *Ben Hur* in 1926. Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis?*, another early-Christian story, was made twice in Europe, and now news comes that it may be made again in Hollywood. *The Sign of the Cross* was one of the most famous of Mr. DeMille's pictures in 1932 and is now to be re-issued with a new prologue in a modern setting. *The White Sister*, *Ramona*, and *The Garden of Allah* were others of this type.

These pictures could not really be called religious films. They were primarily pageants, with gorgeous settings and costumes, and the Church and its ministers were incidental to the general effect. In 1934, however, and again in 1937, two pictures appeared in which religion played an entirely different role. They were prophetic, a decade ahead of a development which came to fruit only last year. Religion as a pageant is good to look at, perhaps, but it does not touch the soul.

It was in 1934 that Hollywood first got an inkling of what it might mean to put a priest into a picture as an integral part of the story, the modern story of modern people with their problems. In that year Winfield Sheehan produced *The World Moves On*.

A first-class sensation was created by Spencer Tracy in 1937, as a priest in *San Francisco*, a story of the great fire (earthquake to you), made by Metro Goldwyn Mayer. There are some who remember it chiefly for the daring of the director (W. S. Van Dyke) who had his priest suffer a good sound sock on the jaw and got away with it.

Within a couple of years Spencer Tracy was again portraying a priest, and this time it was a living character, Father Flanagan, in *Boys Town*.\*

Some may remember a football pic-

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Sept., 1941, p. 58.

\*45 Wall St., New Haven, 7, Conn. July, 1944.

ture called *Notre Dame*, chiefly useful in this recital as one which accustomed audiences to a cassock. We got the same experience in *Angels with Dirty Faces*, which was ahead of its time in depicting the gruesome,<sup>\*</sup> and which the Legion of Decency did not like for that reason. Another in the same course of education was *The Fighting Sixty-Ninth*, with its story of the Fighting Padre, Father Francis P. Duffy,<sup>\*</sup> and still another was the life of Knute Rockne.

Hollywood was feeling its way. I do not say it was consciously setting up a situation. After all, the studios, hardened as they are to exotic costumes, had to accept a cassock without a gulp. They came around. Just the other day I saw Sir Cedric Hardwicke sitting nonchalantly in a studio restaurant in a monsignor's robes, and nobody gave him a second glance. But the cassock is only a symbol, after all. Where there is a cassock there is a priest, and that means a priest in the story, and that means lines spoken by him, and more often than not it can mean that the story reaches its solution in what he says. You see the trend.

It was 1943 which really marked the arrival of the trend. *Columbia* readers will remember an article, *Padre of the Films* (August, 1942),<sup>†</sup> on Father John J. Devlin. He is the representative of Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles in all the studios, and he also speaks to them with the voice of the Legion of Decency. When there is anything Cath-

olic in a script, it is Father Devlin who is consulted on it, and he also has the onerous task of supervising the actual taking of a scene, especially when there is question of some Catholic ceremony.

Father Devlin tells me that in 1943 he was "called in" on no fewer than 24 pictures. That means that on an average of twice a month studios were making or preparing a picture in which the Catholic Church was directly and expressly involved. Nobody was more startled by this unsolicited wooing of the Church than Catholics themselves. But religion as a subject for drama was always there. The only wonder is that the producers did not discover it sooner.

At any rate, by 1943 they did discover it. Strangely enough, however, the immediate forerunner of this new kind of cycle was the story of a Protestant minister, in 1941. It was a film version of the best-seller novel, *One Foot in Heaven*. In spite of the novelty, and good critical notices, and also a good stiff controversy, which always helps, this picture did not fulfill its makers' expectations at the box office.

The war has had a great deal to do with the introduction of religion into film stories. Recent moviegoers will remember the religious sequences in such films as that story of the persecution in Poland, *None Shall Escape*; the picturization of Hans Habe's best seller, *Thousands Shall Fall*, which was given the name of *The Cross of Lorraine*; the escape thriller, *Assignment in Brittany*; and such others as *Hitler's Hangmen*, *The Seventh Cross*, *The Man*

<sup>\*</sup>See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June, 1940, p. 23.

<sup>†</sup>CATHOLIC DIGEST, Sept., 1942, p. 24.



from *Down Under*, *Joan of Paris*, and the Bishop's speech which was the highlight in *Hitler's Children*, which was written by Emmet Lavery and was what Hollywood calls a "sleeper," a surprise smash hit.

In this category, of course, two other pictures stand out which I have not mentioned. They were both, as it happened, made by Twentieth Century-Fox, which also made *The Song of Bernadette*\* and is making *The Keys of the Kingdom*.† *Guadalcanal Diary* was the story of the landing of the Marines. In that picture the Catholic chaplain, Father Donnelly, was an outstanding character.

The other film was *The Sullivans*.‡ That was the story of the five Sullivan brothers on the same cruiser, who went down with her just as they were about to be saved. The extraordinary part of that picture was this: it was a biography of the five boys. Three years ago it would have been told as the story of a family of young Americans of no specific religion; in fact, the audience would not have guessed they had any religion at all. But the Sullivans were Sullivans. In the new awareness of Hollywood to the whole of life, they were shown at their Baptism, First Communion, and in various serious and amusing scenes with their pastor, Father Francis. It will be difficult in future pictures, if the characters in the story have any religion at all, to show them without it.

The climax of all this development

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, May, 1944, p. 94.

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Dec., 1941, p. 68.

‡See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March, 1943, p. 7.

was *The Song of Bernadette*. Franz Werfel's great novelized biography of the ignorant peasant girl who saw the blessed Virgin was the latest, but it was one of the greatest, in the long series of books which have been written about Lourdes. To the surprise of many it became a best seller, read avidly by more non-Catholics than Catholics. It was inevitable that a film company snap it up, and the competition was fierce for its purchase. But the interesting thing about it was that from beginning to end Catholics had nothing directly to do with it.

The great crowds who have viewed the picture at advanced prices show that Bernadette has an appeal to more than Catholics. Anybody can see it and enjoy it for its own sake, as a great picture. To Catholics, naturally, there is also the great interest that it is the story of Lourdes, the living proof that miracles still take place in God's Church. *The Song of Bernadette* will reach more millions with this demonstration than have been influenced by all the other books about Lourdes.

To Catholics there is another profound significance about the story of Lourdes. Fundamentally, it is a revelation of the Immaculate Conception, which put the seal on an act of the Pope four years before.

Most non-Catholics confuse the Immaculate Conception of our Lady with the Virgin Birth of our Lord. When Mr. Perlberg learned the real distinction, he went about buttonholing Catholic acquaintances, asking them with apparent innocence, "What is the Im-

maculate Conception?" To those who answered correctly, he solemnly conferred the brevet of good Catholic.

So *The Song of Bernadette* is a landmark in the history of motion pictures. It is the first film in which the truth and power of God's grace are essential, in fact, the story itself.

Another picture is of a very different kind: *Going My Way* ranks as comedy, not as drama; it is all about life in a big-city parish house in our day; the principal characters are priests; two of the principal persons connected with it are Catholics, Leo McCarey, as writer, producer and director, and Bing Crosby as featured star. The other two who play priests in it are not Catholics, in spite of their names: Barry Fitzgerald and Frank McHugh. Then there is the Metropolitan Opera star, Rise Stevens, who romps through it charmingly, as if she were having a lovely time, and a group of boys from a Los Angeles choir playing tough city kids whom Bing Crosby turns into choir singers.

Bing Crosby is the featured actor, but the picture is Barry Fitzgerald's, as Bing himself keeps saying on the radio. It is a character part of a lovable, crabbed old priest, played by a consummate actor who learned his trade at Dublin's Abbey Theater, and half of Hollywood is saying that, if it does not bring him the year's Academy award, there ain't no justice. At any rate, Paramount, which made it, is pretty proud of the picture.

A third "big" picture has been filmed and is being cut and edited. It is

Dr. A. J. Cronin's best seller of three years ago, *The Keys of the Kingdom*, the story of the griefs and triumphs of a holy Scottish priest, Francis Chisholm, mostly on the foreign missions in China. It was first owned by David O. Selznick, who sold it to the Twentieth Century-Fox people. Nunnally Johnson and Joseph Mankiewicz wrote the script, and John Stahl was the director with Mr. Mankiewicz producer.

When the book appeared it caused a great controversy among Catholic reviewers. It was roundly condemned for the heretical-sounding opinions it put into the mouth of its principal character, Father Francis Chisholm, and for the unsympathetic character of several other priests and a nun in the story. On the other hand, it depicted in Chisholm one of the most interesting priest characters in modern fiction.

Now when a novel is made into a film, not more than half can go into the picture. In the case of *The Keys of the Kingdom* it was wisely decided that Chisholm himself was more dramatically valuable than any particular thing he said along theological lines.

The result is that we will have a finely drawn picture of a saint on the foreign missions, of a deeply human priest who by his holiness, compounded of humility, charity and fortitude, surmounts all his obstacles, in nature and human nature, and at the end of all his triumphs still thinks everybody else is better than he. The part is played with deep sincerity by a young actor with some Broadway and road experience, and only one role in the films be-

fore this. His name is Gregory Peck, and he is a fine actor. Workers in the studios are unusually critical of actors, especially new ones, and those at Fox were unanimous in praising his acting. That is the accolade in Hollywood, and the proof of it is that four companies have signed him to contracts for 12 pictures in the next five years.

As for the other priest roles, circumstances avoided most of the difficulties of the novel. Some of them were necessarily eliminated for reasons of space. There were 14 priests in the original story; seven of them are left. Of these the very choice of several of the actors to play the part dictated the character of the roles. For instance, Monsignor Sleeth, who in the book is a cold, hard man, is played by Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a dignified but fundamentally warm fashion. Mealey, who in the book is a pompous ass, is played with fine understanding of a complex character by Vincent Price. The unfortunate Father Kezar of the book does not get into the picture at all. Nor does the fake miracle. After all, a studio which made *Bernadette* could not follow that up with something phony. Thus do the exigencies of art solve many a problem.

The complete list of pictures with religious subjects or sequences which are being prepared or proposed is too long to be given here, but some of them can. *Till We Meet Again* will have a nun who leaves her novitiate to help a soldier escape the nazis. *Jean Valjean* is *Les Miserables* re-made, with its religious aspects emphasized.

Even *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* has a priest in it now, at the graveside of Johnny. *The Good Thief* will be the story of Father Hyland at Dannemora prison and his chapel of St. Dismas.\* *The Robe* will be Lloyd Douglas' best-seller story of early Christians. The life of Blessed Mother Cabrini† is being prepared for a film. *Music for Millions* is a story of the efficacy of prayer, which was written by Myles Connolly for little Margaret O'Brien, Jimmy Durante and Jose Iturbi. Mr. Connolly has another story, which Paramount will make, *Make Way for O'Sullivan*, which is the story of a man who is saved, body and soul, by prayer. Archbishop Spellman's story, *The Risen Soldier*, will also be made into a picture. And these are just some of them.

Is Hollywood being converted to religion, or has it "hit the sawdust trail," as *Time* put it? Not in the opinion of anyone out there. What has happened is that several studios have discovered the picturesqueness of a cassock, the dramatic values in Catholic life, and the almost infinite sources of story material that religion can supply. The returns at the box office are what will ultimately determine how long the trend will last. The war has made all conscious of religion, too. And it may be that as the motion pictures grow up they are seeing life more in its integrity and have found that the whole of life includes also and especially man's relation with God. Who are we to complain of that?\*

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Feb., 1942, p. 75.

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, March, 1944, p. 61.

# Jungle Mass

See picture on inside back cover

By G. W.

Condensed from *Zealandia*\*

In the old days of pantomime, it used to be the custom to drop a gauze screen midstage against a brightly lit background. On the fine-meshed drop was a fanciful design. Seen through this, the scene was fairylike and unreal. This Sunday morning's high Mass was something like that; but more real by reason of my mental gauze drop. The Mass itself became charged with a depth and intensity of spiritual meaning such as I had never before experienced.

My gauze drop, through which I saw high Mass offered in Auckland's St. Patrick's cathedral, was a jungle scene on the outskirts of Gona. In a tiny clearing, under a soaking drizzle of rain, a group of Australian and American fighting men knelt before a pile of ammunition boxes covered with a ground sheet. Over the ground sheet was spread an altar cloth, so small it hung only a few inches down each side.

Before this improvised field altar stood a priest offering Mass. Ranged around him were a score of soldiers in various attitudes of prayer.

The men were unconscious of the photographer and his camera, when George Silk, photographer for *Life*, snapped the picture which became my abstraction. They had thought and attention only for the Mass. Their minds

were fixed on Christ. For them, weary to exhaustion, battle-stained, sick of the equatorial swamp which enslaved and bogged at every step, the Precious Blood was about to flow once again in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

George Silk, an Auckland-boy-made-good in the world overseas, may have the religious fervor of St. Philip Neri for all I know. But I don't think he will hold it against me when I write that he gives me the impression that religion is something about which he knows little. Hence, it is all the more remarkable that he should have obtained this vivid photograph of fighting men kneeling in the mud at the feet of their Redeemer.

George himself waxes enthusiastic over his picture. "Look at it!" he shouts. "Look at those faces! Those bowed heads! Those clasped hands! Those blokes are enraptured! They see something—something you can't see in an ordinary church. Gee! You'd almost think they could see God Himself in the jungle!"

"Of course, George," I said quietly, as he held the wonderful picture before me, "that is precisely what they do see. They see God. They see Christ in the jungle."

George stopped flicking over his book of stark and terrible war pictures.

\*As reprinted in the *Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, 194 E. 76th St., New York City, 21. June, 1944.

He looked at me queerly. "Oh, I forgot! In fact, I didn't know, but you're a Catholic. Of course, you would see at once what I mean. But even people who are not Catholics, people with no religion in them, have told me that the blokes in that photograph seem to be looking into God's face. Gee, but I'm proud of that picture!

"I'm glad I've been able to catch and register the expressions on those faces. I'm glad for the sake of all the mothers who will see it, because it somehow makes mothers happy to know that their boys go into battle after going to church. See how they don't mind kneeling in the mud. Look at that bloke nearest the altar! You wouldn't see anyone as devout as that in an ordinary church, I'll bet.

"Remember, it was raining. Oh, God, that jungle drizzle! Does it get you! Look at the padre—Lynch was his name—with his boots all covered in mud. There was no dry place for the altar. Any old place had to do. He just shoved it up there, in a few minutes. Those blokes were going into action. There was no time to lose.

"Padre Lynch was the right sort. As tough as the men. Cheerful, brave as they come. Never seemed to think about himself. I could tell you stories about him: crossing the Owen Stanley ranges, and down to the coast. Why, Padre Lynch lost five and a half stone in weight. What he liked best, when he wasn't with the wounded, was putting up that altar."

I shall always be grateful to my friend George Silk for his picture of

those exhausted, death-staring men, at Mass in the jungle. And I hope I shall see every Mass for the rest of my life through the mental gauze drop on which his photograph is etched. His picture makes me understand more perfectly why it is the Mass that matters, why it is that the Mass has always mattered.

Nothing else in that jungle clearing could have made those men behave like that. Men brutalized by months of suffering and hardship, bent on killing, about to die. The men in that photograph had buried their mates in the quaking bog, ornamented their graves with coral. Death was always only yards away, stalking, lurking behind a palm tree. Life became a sweating purgatory in the steamy jungle miasmas.

And then came the opportunity for Mass. The dear, familiar murmur of the Mass. The Mass of their childhood, of their youth, of the beloved parish church, with all its intimate family associations; yet a Mass which none of them had known in days of peace, a Mass of emergency, celebrated in peril, with speed, with the barest minimum of the decencies of worship. Themselves wet with the rain which washed their sweating, unshaven faces and matted their uncut hair, that little spread of white cloth for the altar stone, chalice and paten would symbolize the swaddling bands of the infant Jesus in the manger. And as He came then, so now He was coming in the Mass and Holy Communion, to find a place in faithful hearts, the Lamb of God, Saving Victim opening wide to



these muddled heroes of the jungle the gates of heaven itself.

I doubt whether I said any prayers at all during Mass, except to say mentally and often, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" and "Blessed be Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar." Maybe I'm wrong, because I have not suffered as those soldiers so obviously suffered, but it is what I assume most of them said in their hearts.

For them, just to be present would be enough. Dumbly, in grateful silence, they would assist, thinking not at all of the priest's words, phrases or actions. For a transcendental moment the Bread of Life would be upraised in the hands of the priest. There would be a glimpse of the chalice as the Precious Blood was elevated. And then time itself would stand still as the Lord of the Eucharist came to each, blotting out all consciousness of weariness and hunger, aching limbs, mud, stench, and the imminence of death.

For some it would be Viaticum.

Each soldier soul would be ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven; revived in grace; made perfect in the love of Christ.

In the cathedral, Christ is on the altar, too. And this beautiful Mass, so reverently offered, winding and weaving through the slow, majestic ritual, is a joyous privilege for all. Altar lights, the swinging thurible and mist of incense, richly embossed missal, the lilies, embroidered vestments and snowy altar cloth are appropriate to its offering. It is the liturgy of the Catholic Church in its most supreme hour, hallowed by

centuries, compelling in its antiquity, yet formal.

As a convert, I realize that there are many people who would not understand what it is all about. Some would even be repelled.

Looking into God's face! Theologically the phrase is all wrong. The very angels hide their faces before the awful majesty of God. But in another sense every contrite sinner looks into God's face with the love and confidence of a child. He reaches out supplicating hands: "Do thou, Christ, hear and heal me!"

This was the stuff of my abstraction. There the stately altar, the three priests moving, silent and reverent, or raising their voices, each in turn, as high Mass moved to its mighty climax. But between them and me was imposed George Silk's classic picture of a lone priest in shirt sleeves, a stole around his neck, boots smeared with filth, offering up Christ on a sheet-covered pile of ammunition boxes.

The organ pealed, sonorous and glorious, the choir burst into the Sanctus, praising God. Heaven and earth were full of God's glory. Hosanna in the highest. *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.*

But there stands Father Lynch in his shirt sleeves. Father Lynch has no choir, no organ, to take up his Sanctus. No incense arises. No candles gleam. His shapeless trousers are muddled. His bare arms are small; priestly hands look strangely white. A bottle of altar wine stands on the ground at the Epistle side of the improvised altar, beside

it a chipped enameled mug! Cruets are an obvious impossibility.

Around me in St. Patrick's is the normal wartime congregation, the familiar faces of the parishioners, although one misses the young men, so many of whom are on active service. As usual, the church is well filled with Americans, soldiers, airmen, marines, sailors; majors, lieutenant-commanders; broad-shouldered lieutenants of the U. S. Marines. Three first-class privates kneeling next to me each wear the ribbon of the Purple Heart.

I reflect that they have been wounded, bled and suffered for their country, and for mine. Like those men in George Silk's photograph they have heard Mass in the jungle. And the captain on my right wears the ribbon of the Silver Star, among others. He, too, would have seen just such a scene as Silk's camera recorded.

Did these brave men at times look like the worn and weary fellows kneeling around Padre Lynch? Now they are composed enough. But they've been through the hell of the island jungles, too, as their ribbons indicate. And they have the unhealthy, parchment-yellow, drug-filled look that all these men back from the jungle-fighting wear.

Everyone is composed. The reverence is normal and seemly. No one appears ecstatic. I dare say that I myself look almost casual, to the point of seeming indifference. I have not heard a word of the sermon.

But there stands Padre Lynch. And there kneel a score of unkempt fighting men. They kneel in the mud, and death is very near them. Padre Lynch, his stole about his neck, is in his shirt sleeves, and his altar is a pile of ammunition boxes. Christ is coming into the midst of the jungle.

Two men leaned over the rail on a steamer, China bound, in the days before Pearl Harbor. One was a business man; the other, a priest. The business man wore a hard face. "Going to China?" he asked gruffly.

"Yes," replied the priest. "I'm a missionary."

A slow patronizing smile parted the other man's lips. He considered China missions a lost cause and said so. Then he went on, "Once I read about a young priest, Murphy I think his name was, who was captured by bandits and held for ransom. The bandits chopped three fingers off his right hand, one for each week's delay in payment of the money. Anyhow, he's in the States now and will not be going back for any more. So watch your step, or maybe your fingers will disappear."

The priest began to say something, but the dinner gong made his new acquaintance impatient to leave. So, they shook hands, and, as you have already guessed, one of the hands, minus three fingers, belonged to Father Murphy.

Chaplain Schmitt in the *Catholic Bulletin* (U. S. Coast Guard, Alameda, Calif.) quoted in the *Chaplain's Digest* (June, '44).



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## PAPER IS WAR MATÉRIEL

Suppose you had several boxes of 50-caliber machine gun bullets, or a stack of 30-millimeter shells, in your basement. And suppose they were needed by the U. S. forces in Normandy. You would give them up, wouldn't you?

Paper is nearly as essential. That pile in your basement is needed almost as badly.

What to do? Cooperate with your local authorities. When they say to bring it out and put it on the curb, regard it as a military order, and bring it up and put it on the curb. And don't be there too late with too little.